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Select Poetry.

THE MIDNIGHT CLOCK.

How solemn sounds the midnight clock,
When half the earth is hushed in sleep!
Like distant thunder's sudden shock,
It breaks the silence, still and deep,
And wakens, with a fearful knell,
Strange feelings in the hearers heart,
As if it were the tolling bell
Proclaiming sadly—dust thou art:
Even thus from its aerial tower,
It knells by night the dying hour.

The strokes have ceased—but their deep sound
Still lingers in the listener's ear,
Then, floating slowly, spreads around
Upon the dewy atmosphere:
But now no sound the ear can mark,
In silence hath expired the strain,
A silence death-like, deep and dark
The silence of Night's slumb'rous reign,

Another hour hath joined the past:
Another wave of Time, that bore
Our barks which never rest, is cast
Upon that unreturning shore,
Where Memory wanders oft to seek
The relics which that tide hath strewn—
Lost gems and faded flowers which speak
Of brighter Springs, when they were sown.

And thus we muse, till slumber kind,
That mighty death of daily life,
Enthralls and leads the captive mind
Through halls with dreamy shadows rife;
Yet while we rest through awful night,
While earth is dark, and heaven sublime,
Nor heed the moment's rapid flight,
That sleepless sentinel of time
Proclaims aloud, from that lone tower,
The flight of every passing hour. *Dollar Newspaper.*

A Beautiful Romance.

GRACE ATHERTON,

OR THE

ATTORNEY HOUSE.

BY H. B. T.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

[CONTINUED.]

Without a word, the attorney ascended to his room, and pushing a chair towards his son, seated himself before the fire, and rubbed his withered fingers together in the ruddy light, in dogged silence, as if he had been the only living being in that old house. Richard Scrivener had expected a totally different reception that night.—Rendered desperate by heavy losses at play, which he was fully aware had come to the old man's knowledge, he had braved his presence, anticipating a storm of reproaches, and prepared to meet them in an attitude of cool defiance. With such apprehensions he had entered the house. The attorney, however, had chosen a better policy. Calmly, and like a statue, he sat there watching his son, and enjoying the baffled, incredulous expression of his face. The young man was annoyed. Any thing would have been better than that chilling silence, that searching glance, which he felt was reading his very soul.

"Come, my boy," said the attorney filling his glass, "'tis a bad night without. What with a cold heart and a cold stomach, a man would have small chance for life in such weather as this. Drink," said he, pushing the bottle towards his son as he spoke, and watching him sharply. The young man swallowed the wine at a draught, and setting his glass upon the table, looked incredulously at his father. He was baffled by that terrible "sang froid," that affectation of mirth, in the quiet yet bitterly sarcastic smile playing upon the attorney's face. His own accustomed "nonchalance" forsook him, and he sat there, dumb, as if wondering what was to come next.

"Richard!" said his father sharply, "you have been gambling. Bob," said he, "don't be nettled at that," as an angry flush came into the young man's cheek. "It is a vulgar practice, boy," continued the lawyer, "you should be more fastidious in your ways and means of getting on in the world, that's all. Avoid risks. Hazard all for gold, but first lay the game deep and well. Had you followed these maxims, you would not have come here to-night."

Richard Scrivener raised his head, and looked with astonishment upon the little ugly figure before him. He experienced a kind of terror in the conviction that he was read and sifted in the very depths of his soul by that man, and the thought chafed him sorely.

"You have lost deeply," continued the attorney, "and want money to settle your debts: is it not so?"

"Yes."

"Now listen to me. From your infancy up to this hour you have been dependent on me, you plunged into the gaities of the world; you came and went at your will, without a check upon your career. When your excesses threatened you with disgrace, an arm was interposed, and an active brain worked out your rescue. To the world you offered a fair exterior, because your follies and vices were covered up. And who has done this?" said the old man fiercely, "but the little ugly miser from his old black den! It is not to reproach you, that I bring back the past," continued the attorney, speaking more softly. "I do not complain that you have a hundred times become involved in extremities like the present, and that a hundred times my hand extended the aid but for which you would have been the inmate of a prison."

The young man winced at the bitter sarcasm with which this was said, and moved uneasily in his chair.

"I don't complain, Richard, that you have been indebted to me for everything, or call you thankless because you never recompensed me by so much as a word for all that I have done. When a boy, you had a right to expect it of me. In later years, I might have cast you off. Men scorn to be dependent on the bounty of others.—You were a man, but I forbode to withhold from you that assistance which should have been the fruit of your own toil. Up to this hour every wish has been gratified—every want met without condition or question." The attorney paused and looked keenly at his son.

Shame and pride had crimsoned the young man's cheek, and his eyes flashed at the calm irony, and the smile of withering contempt that accompanied these words but he made no answer.

"You have gambled away $5,000," said Mr. Scrivener sharply, suddenly starting to his feet and confronting his son. "You are in debt to that amount, and must pay it, or go to prison: is it not so?"

"Yes."

"And you came here to-night, expecting that the old miser's coffers would as ever, minister to your need, and cover up your beggary, and that without even the recompense of thanks."

"I have lost all," replied Richard. "You are my only hope. If you cannot aid me I am ruined." He spoke very low and his cheek grew pale at the terrible alternative his words had called up.

"I said not that I would not help you," continued his father. "Five thousand dollars is a large sum!" a deep sigh escaped him as the words passed his lips. "Yes, a large sum, Richard, for an old man like me, to pay, but you shall have it, and—" * * * the sentence was unfinished—his hands were suddenly seized in a warm clasp and before him stood his son pouring out his thanks in broken, yet grateful words.

The attorney disliked such bursts of feeling. He foreknew that the next words he should utter would call forth very different emotions, and with a gesture of disgust, the hand clasping his own was flung off, and the old man with a malicious laugh at the mingled astonishment and terror depicted on the face before him, broke the silence. His voice harsh and bitter in its tones, "Take back your thanks, boy, until you have heard the condition, then repeat them if you will. Marry Grace Atherton, and I will be responsible for your debt—refuse, and you are from this moment, a beggar."

Richard Scrivener was thunderstruck, at first at the unlooked for condition imposed upon him, and then at the subtle policy pursued by the attorney, with reference to this end, which now, without the aid of explanation from him, flashed upon his mind. How plain it was! He had been kept dependent, not permitted to carve out for himself a name and fortune through the semblance of parental affection and doting fondness, while it only rendered him the more helpless and passive in the hands of that parent, as an instrument of perfecting his ambitious schemes. He remembered the apparent casualty of his first acquaintance with Grace. How that now seemed like the first step in a skilfully contrived plot. He called to mind the easy familiarity with which Mrs. Atherton had treated him. How, in spite of his escapes and reckless character, he had been tacitly admitted into her house in terms of friendly intercourse—had been as it were incidentally thrown into the society of her young and lovely daughter, and how, to centre there his affections, she had been, on the attorney's lips, a constant theme of praise, while at the same time they were a more insidious auxiliary to the work, in the utterance of such maxims and councils as made him averse to the companionship of others of her sex. The thought of having been the old man's dupe, and being led blindfold, as it were, into a union which, he made no doubt, was projected by him for the accomplishment of some new ambitious or villainous purpose, maddened the young man, and he was about retorting angrily upon his father; but the wily attorney instantly comprehending that he had misjudged his son, by so prematurely disclosing his plans, hastened to repair the error, and interrupted him with a calm explanation of the condition he had so abruptly imposed. He dwelt on the advantages that would accrue from such an alliance; the beauty of Grace, the immense wealth which she would be dowered, and the sum of influence and power that would grow out of a union between the houses of Atherton and Scrivener. Then for the first time, unfolded to the dazzled gaze of the young man the treasures of his own vast wealth, and pledged him that they should all be his, at no distant period. He spoke touchingly of his own long cherished hopes in the matter, how his very life was bound up in their realization, and besought him not to bring sorrow upon his doting heart, and whiten his locks yet untouched by Time, for the grave, by spurning the last request he would ever make.

Richard Scrivener was baffled by the affectionate, candid air so skilfully assumed in the tones and looks of the old man, standing meekly before him as a supplicant, pleading with sublime disinterestedness, for the happiness of his son, at the brilliant destiny proffred to him, and in spite of his heartlessness and corrupt principles, the image of Grace as his wife, called up by the attorney's words, in all its gentle beauty, awakened in his breast vague emotions of pleasure. But it was only when the recollection of the old man's words: "Refuse and you are from this moment a beggar!" came over him, and he felt how powerless he was in his hands, that the thought of accepting the condition imposed, as the only alternative, grew stronger until it became a conviction. He had spoken no word, but the compressed lip, and flushed cheek mirrored his very soul under the attorney's keen glance, and that was intelligible enough for him.

He had triumphed! To the dearest wish of his heart, a full assent, had passed the lips of his son—sealed with a fearful oath—and there was witness to the compact—the little dwarf. The latter had not risen from his post at the keyhole since the entrance of Richard Scrivener Not a word of the foregoing conversation had escaped him. He listened with the most importurbable gravity, until it ceased, and the attorney's son, after draining his glass once more, to the health of Grace Atherton, prepared to depart, then laughing maliciously to himself, the humpback glided in his shambling way through the corridor, and taking the flight of steps before described as leading to a back range of buildings, descended rapidly, heeding not the profound darkness that shrouded his path, but with the ease of one evidently familiar with all the intricacies of that old mansion, until he found himself in the stone passage connecting these buildings with the house itself. Here he stopped. A gust of wind whistled sharply though a crevice in the wall just at his feet. Stooping down, the dwarf slipped one hand within it, and with a slight effort removed one of the stones, disclosing an aperture of sufficient extent to admit of his passing readily. Another moment, and he was upon the other side of the wall, standing in —— Court.

Quickly adjusting the stone in its place, the little figure shuffled along through the court, crossed the street, and buried himself in the shadows of the lofty houses. He had hot watched long before the door of the Attorney House opens noiselessly. A sudden gleam of light—a haggard face peeping out upon the night—the clasping of hands, and parting words hurriedly exchanged, and all was darkness again. A moment after, a feeble ray of light glimmered from the window of the attorney's room, while a figure passed down the court, muttering a curse upon the obscurity and wildness of the night. The storm had not abated. There had been a moment's peace among the warring elements of the sky that night; and but one: it was when that oath stained the lips of Richard Scrivener in that desolate chamber. So fearful the silence, succeeding the mad riot of wind and rain, that it seemed as if the pulse of life, natural and physical, had run down. The pledge was given, and upon that sublime pause, came anew the rush of the tempest's wing; on it went, sweeping, and waving, with its icy breath, spinning like a top down wide gaping chimneys—whirling up whole eddies of dead leaves, and scattering them miles and miles away, upon the open fields—unhinging crazy old shutters, tearing away, up the long alleys, in search of old inns, and eliciting dismal shrieks from the sign of the punch bowl, swinging and creaking at a most desperate rate beneath the venerable elm. It was bitterly cold, too. The rain fell in torrents, changing to ice the instant it touched the pave.

Wrapping his cloak more closely around him, Richard Scrivener bent his steps homeward. He lodged in a distant part of the city, yet long as seemed the way thither, tempestuous and wild as was the night, the little dwarf heeded it not, while dogging with steadfastness of purpose that retreating figure to the very threshold of the door. When he had entered the dwelling, the humpback, guided by a faint glimmer from a lamp, possessed himself of every feature by which he could readily identify the spot at any future time, and then, chuckling to himself and rubbing his hands together in evident glee, making sundry grotesque contortions with his uncouth figure, at the house he had just inspected, he shambled off in the direction of —— Court.

The clock in the attorney's chamber struck one, and its little round dial face was no longer visible in the fading firelight, as the old man extinguished his lamp and threw himself upon a bed in one corner of the room, to dream of the marriage of Richard Scrivener and Grace Atherton. At the same moment, a laugh, loud and shrill, ensuing as from under his window, without, fell upon his ear. Ha! how like to that mocking echo that struck terror to his heart before! Yes! very like it was. The attorney sprang to the window and looked below He was not sure, but it seemed to him that he could perceive a dark object crouched and moving slowly down the court. As he looked, his eyes aching with the effort to penetrate that intense darkness, involuntarily closed; when they opened again, the figure was gone.

A moment after, the dwarf sallied into the street, and presently disappeared in a neighboring cellar, at the entrance of which swung a lantern illuminating a highly colored illustration of "Oysters and Beer" painted upon its cracked sides. Half asleep over a handful of coals upon the hearth, sat an old negro, the proprietor of the establishment. He started at the entrance of the humpback, and grumbled out something about the lateness of the hour, but the dwarf made him no answer. Flinging himself upon a pallet of straw in one corner, without a word to his sable landlord, he was presently in a sound sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

In a small but neatly furnished apartment situated in the outskirts of the city, on the evening of the day succeeding the events in my last chapter, might have been, seen a young girl seated before a low easel, surrounded by certain appliances which at once indicated her to be the author of the beautiful painting she was contemplating. It was a portrait of a young and very lovely girl, in a style of beauty singularly contrasting with and hardly surpassing that displayed in the features of the youthful artist herself. The eyes were blue and deep as a summer sky. A braid of pearls confined the hair to a small and exquisitely shaped head, save two or three golden ringlets which lay caressingly upon the sunny brow. There was something demure, half sportive, yet womanly in the arch smile wreathing the lips—an infantile grace blended with a dash of hauteur in her attitude as portrayed by the artist. It was a face in which were united at once the artless simplicity of girlhood, and the riper loveliness and thoughtful mien of the mature woman. The young girl who had but now finished this beautiful picture, sat with one hand pressed to her pale cheek, gazing upon it in rapt silence. Her own beauty was faultless, yet its elements were less physical in their character, and appealed more to the soul and mind of the beholder. Her face was pale, the features small and exquisitely chiselled. Long, silken lashes drooped over her jetty eyes, and from the pure intellectual brow, a mass of rich brown hair waved away behind the beautifully rounded ear. Her form, slight and graceful, yet betraying in the swelling outline and softly rounded arm, the perfect developement of womanhood, was simply attired in a mourning garb, the sombre aspect of which was relieved by a snug cambric collar clasped round her slender throat. The quiet elegance and refinement of manner displayed by this young girl, seemed, at first, strangely contrasted with the simplicity and plainness of the apartment she occupied, but on closer inspection of its appointments, this apparent incongruity vanished. Her perfect skill and taste had effected so harmonious a disposition and grouping of them, that they were to the lovely artist, what the graceful airy costume was to the figure glowing on the canvass before her. In the centre of the room stood a table spread for the evening meal. The kettle sang cheerfully on the hearth. A golden canary swung before the window and bathed himself in the slant rays of the setting sun. The young girl glanced at the clock, then rose and seated herself at the window, and with an air of impatience, looked out upon the now quiet street.

"He will soon be here," she said in a low voice. "What a surprise it will be to him!" glancing as she spoke, at the easel. A merry smile dimpled her cheek and danced in her black eyes, while she looked. "A woman's stratagem, trust me Philip, will confirm my long cherished suspicions. Ah! here comes the truant."

Saying this, the girl sprang to the door, and in another moment was folded to the heart of her brother. Flinging off his cloak, he displayed an athletic form, and a face of mingled sweetness and gravity, breathing a manly beauty in every line. His eyes were dark and somewhat haughty in their glance, yet now as he bent tenderly over the fair girl and kissed her cheek, they beamed softly and filled with a loving light.

"Dear Philip! you were gone such a weary while," said his sister leaning gently on her brother's arm

"Ah! Kate, do you miss me then, so much? All day, when toiling so far from you, your sweet face is ever before me, Its smile shines in so brightly upon my little room, that my spirit gains strength and cheerfulness, and all murmurings at our changed lot are kept down in my heart. You have been a blessed angel to me, dear Kate, since our mother died," said the young man caressing fondly her cheek, now glowing with her brother's praise. "But, dearest sister, you are looking weary. Confess now that the air without has not once kissed that fair cheek to-day."

"That were a small loss," replied Kate mischievously, "if my good brother correctly estimates the gain threby."

She drew him laughingly to the easel, as she spoke, and paused before it.

"Grace Atherton! do I dream, sweet sister?" exclaimed Philip, in mingled wonder and delight. Springing from her side, he knelt reverently before that face, so still! so beautiful! His lips moved, but the hush of that room remained unbroken. His eyes sparkled, the crimson rushed in torrents over face and brow, and his broad chest heaved with the powerful emotion that swept over his heart.

Kate, but now the merry laughing girl at the artifice employed to probe that heart, stood timidly back, with a more chastened, womanly feeling uppermost. An earnest sympathy shone in her eyes, and a thrill of pleasure came softly over her, as she witnessed the mute homage of love rendered to its idol, as if she too, knew what it was to love.

"Dearest sister," said the young man, dropping his fine eyes before her gentle gaze, and speaking very low, "you have tempted me beyond my strength. I had worn his image in my heart, calmly, and there was bliss in that. It was heaven to breathe the air she breathed, though infinitely removed from her bright and beautiful sphere A voice whispered me, thou canst not soar thither, thou poor and humble toiler, and thus my Kate, I was beguiled into content. All passion seemed crushed and blighted before that destiny which denied it the element of heaven—love! All murmuring against that decree which, in our changed lot, blasted hopes that once might have come to fruition, seemed hushed for ever. But now this face," said he passionately, "brings back my wild dreams. Those lips and eyes have no mockery in their repose, as I bid them speak and shine only for me! Ah!" he continued bitterly, "not thus would the beautiful and high born Grace have looked on me. There would be only scorn for all this deep, wild love. Kate, you have justly portrayed our sweet friend. Were the lips more haughtily wreathed, as I look, methinks 'twere more true to the life."

"Nay, Philip," said the girl gently, "do not so wrong one who has been an angel of mercy to us. Grace Atherton is too good and noble to scorn us for our poverty. Has she not entered our humble dwelling on missions of love and kindness—speaking comfort to our hearts when our dear mother left us—watching with me at your side when you lay stricken to the earth in defence of her life, and breathing eternal gratitude in those eloquent looks and words which from that hour bade you hope? And then, how she went forth and spread the fame of the humble artist, until we came up from the depths of want, to the possession of ease and contentment, and but now was sitting in your chair, Phillip, that I might complete her beautiful face glowing there before us."

Her brother answered not. His thoughts had flown back to the time when chance made him at their first meeting, the preserver of the beautiful being he loved.—How gloriously, like a vision of radiant loveliness, she rode by them upon her gallant steed. An hour, and as she again flew past, borne to inevitable death by the now terrified animal, a strong grasp was laid upon the loosened rein, its flight arrested, but Philip Marston lay stricken to the earth by a blow from the infuriated animal. Memories of a soft hand bathing his temples, and a warm breath fragrant from her lips, upon his cheek, were busy at his heart. How tenderly she hung over him, and spoke her thanks in low, murmured words, and the gentle pressure of those delicate fingers, even yet thrilled his soul with a sense of exquisite happiness. And then came like the death knell of his new born hopes, the bitter realities of his humble life—poverty, where once had been affluence—toil, for hours of ease—contempt and neglect, in mockery of past friendships, and to him the cup of sorrow, affliction—casting himself and Kate, orphans, upon the charities of a cold world.—Yet it was not all dark and cheerless in their heaven.—A second time, Grace stood within that little room, and from that hour, peace and content dawned like a sunburst upon the orphan's dwelling. Was it strange that Philip loved, passionately loved this beautiful, this noble one! He loved, with all the fervor and depth of a spirit proud and sensitive, chained down in its lofty aspirations, by the iron hand of poverty, and jealously guarding its secret from every human eye. And Grace? But we must not anticipate.

"Philip, dear," said his sister, laying her hand softly within his, "look not thus sad and desponding. It were no difficult task, methinks, for my brother to win the love of one whose cheek already crimsons at mention of his name." She looked up archly into his face.

"Kate," replied the young man in a tone of anguish "you would counsel at the dictates of a loving, woman's heart."

As he spoke, the girl started nervously, and her cheek flushed and paled by turns under his gaze; but he heeded it not, and went on.

"But it is madness in me to hope. Grace Atherton has blessed the humble mechanic with her gratitude and esteem, but she would scorn his suit. We are poor, my sister; she moves in a sphere far removed from ours; but," he added with kindling eye and curling lip, "we have an honorable pride left us. Philip Marston may love, but he will never woo in vain. Let this be as a dream, dear Kate. Forget the passion into which you have betrayed me. Forget that you have sounded my heart's depths and measured its bitterness. Nay, speak not yet," he pleaded as she looked deprecatingly upon his mournful face. "It must be so—this wild love must be subdued. You shall not again see me thus. I will toil on for thee, my sister. Your sweet face shall nightly beam on me—your voice alone cheer me, and Grace will be to us like some star, shining holily down into our spirits, and receiving the equal adoration of our hearts!"

They had unconsciously approached the picture of her of whom he spoke, and now with clasped hands—the slight figure of the girl leaning gently upon her brother's powerful frame, they stood before it, wrapt and silent.—All trace of passion had passed from the young man's face. He gazed upon the canvass calmly, but there was despair in that look, as if the conviction had for the first time come, that an impassable gulf lay between himself and Grace. They stood there in the dim twilight, until that vision of loveliness faded away in the rapidly approaching darkness. Then they sat down to the evening meal. The shutters were closed and the golden canary curtained its eyes with a delicate film and slept.

An hour went by and Kate Marston stood alone within her little parlor. Her face was very pale, and she had not raised her eyes from the floor since Philip went out. Night and day he toiled in the city, and now again he had gone to his task. "I am not worthy my brother's love," she said in a low voice. "He suffers me to read his heart, while I must conceal from him that which alone makes me happy. I cannot meet his eye when Richard has been here, and sometimes I think he mistrusts me. Indeed this secresy cannot be right. Why should our love be kept from his knowledge? Surely he will esteem him whom his sister loves. I will ask Richard that he end this concealment and make me happy in Philip's approval." Her cheek flushed at the thought, and a thrill of pleasure came softly over her as she stood with a loving light in her downcast eyes, her bosom heaving with the tide of joy that swept tumultuously from her heart. At that instant a voice, breathing in low, manly tones, the first cadence of a song, woke the stillness without. The strain was familiar to the young girl, and seemed not displeasing to her ear, for a joyous smile wreathed her lips, and a rosy hue stole into her cheek, under the sweet emotions it had awakened. Springing to the door she met her lover, and the next moment they stood within the little room, clasped heart to heart.

"Richard!"

"Kate!"

There was a moment's silence. The girl looked timidly into his face—that look, half veiled by the fringed lids, meekly proud, tender yet impassioned, revealed how deeply she loved him. She could not speak at first, for the weight of happiness which oppressed her. Thoughts came thronging from her heart, but so fast they multiplied, that all utterance seemed denied: only a murmur of delight looked from her lips, and her eyes humid with tears of joy, were fixed on his, as she abandoned herself to the sweet spell his presence flung over her. She was folded in his embrace, but perceived not that her lover's brow darkened, and his features worked convulsively as if a spasm of pain had seized them. When she looked again into his face, it was gone, but he seemed embarrassed by her caresses, and returned them with a hurried, distraught air. There was a peculiar meaning in the look she now gave him. He divined therein her thoughts, and anticipated the question that rose to her lips.

"Kate, sweet one, you would speak of my father," said the young man, averting his face.

"Ah! Richard," replied the girl gently, "have you not promised to seek his approval in our love?"

"Nay, love, that is of small account, as yet, and would not, if bestowed, add to our happiness. Should it be withheld, believe me, it shall not affect us. My father is rich and powerful. He may have other views for me, than a speedy marriage, and it were, then, wiser to venture cautiously upon opposition to his wishes. When I am of age, love, and rich enough to share with thee our splendid home, he will not look coldly on my beautiful Kate and refuse to bless our union. Will you not trust me, dearest?"

Her lover stooped down and touched for the first time her white brow with his lips.

"With my very soul," said the girl passionately.—"But it is not that, Richard. Your love has made me very happy, and I can hope and pray that at some future time this necessity for silence will cease. But I dread this concealment—I am unhappy when you are gone.—I may not speak of you to others or hear your praises on their lips. I cannot share the joy your presence brings, with one who has no thought of happiness apart from me. My brother, Richard! may I not tell him of our love?" She spoke in a firm but gentle tone, caressing softly the hand which clasped her waist, and appealing to him with her beautiful eyes.

"It must not be, Kate," replied Richard Scrivene, hastily; "I cannot tell you of all the circumstances which impose this silence on us. It is enough that it is so, and believe me," he said more gently, "we cannot meet on other terms."

Tears sprang to the girl's eyes, and the words just spoken fell coldly on her heart. For a moment she wondered that he could speak so calmly of their not meeting again. The thought paled her cheek, for an instant, and then it was gone.

"Will it be very long, Richard?" she asked.

He was touched by the sad look which accompanied the words, and drawing her slender form more closely to his, and touching the white uplifted forehead with his lips, he whispered softly that in her ear which sent the rich blood mantling over cheeks and brow, and made her almost tremble for excess of happiness.

"You shall be my own sweet wife, Kate, in a few months!"

An hour went by, running over with bliss for one in that room. It was enough that he loved her, and had promised to make her his wife. Philip was forgotten.—She had grown too jealous now, of her precious secret, to care that even he should share it. When her lover had gone, Kate Marston knelt before the picture of Grace Atherton, and prayed that she, the beautiful, the high born, might love her brother, and make him as happy as she herself was that night.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Scrivener was a very punctual man. Precisely as the clock struck ten, on the morning succeeding the interview with his son, he stood on the steps of Mrs. Atherton's elegant mansion. It was only on extraordinary occasions that the attorney bestowed the least attention upon himself, in regard to his attire. Ordinarily, a rusty suit of black, rough unpolished boots, and a dirty red and yellow cravat tied loosely round his throat, constituted his daily wardrobe. On this occasion, he was both carefully and neatly attired. Not a speck sullied the brilliant lustre of his boots. The collar and ruffles were of snowy whiteness, and his hand clasped a richly wrought gold cane. There was a cheerful, even jaunty air about the man, that would have declared him ten years younger than he seemed the preceding night.—The footman ushered him obsequiously into the sumptuous drawing-room, where he remained surveying its luxurious appointments with a quiet, complaisant smile on his lip, until summoned, a moment after, to the sick chamber of Mrs. Atherton.

The lawyer paid his compliments to that lady in an insinuating tone, and then, seating himself at a little table, drew from his pocket a roll of parchment. "My dear madam," said he, affecting an air of tenderness, "it is a painful duty you have imposed on me—to execute the dying wish of an old and valued friend—but—"

"Don't speak of dying, Mr. Scrivener," said the sick woman, hastily, and with a slight shudder; "you have often seen me thus, and it is only my solicitude for the welfare of our dear Grace, that has compelled me to enter upon the disagreeable task of making my will."

"I can understand the feelings of a parent's heart," replied the attorney, in a soft melancholy voice. "It is anxiety, my dear Mrs. Atherton, that my son Richard may secure the honor of an alliance with your charming daughter, and that the young couple may soon possess the happiness in store for them, which alone overruled my repugnance to undertake the unpleasant business of this morning."

The compliment conveyed in this speech, was not lost upon the invalid, and she answered him with a grateful smile. But the exquisite facetiousness there was in such sentiments proceeding from the old man's lips, as well as the contemptuous sneer accompanying them, escaped her.

"Excuse me madam," continued the lawyer, suddenly glancing at his watch, "but I am so hard pressed to-day, that I must beg your immediate attention to the task before us. Shall I have the honor to submit these papers to your notice?"

Mrs. Atherton recoiled a moment, and then, summoning all her fortitude, desired Mr. Scrivener to read them aloud. It may be necessary to explain the singular reluctance exhibited by this lady, in the settlement of her worldly affairs. She was impressed with the belief that, having, as it were, by such a step taken leave of all objects of an earthly nature, her own life must, in a natural sequence of events, shortly after terminate. On the present occasion, this dread of approaching the subject, had been overruled by the candid statements of her physician. Aware, then, that her death was possibly near, she had summoned her attorney, and now with a sort of forced calmness, listened, while he rapidly enumerated the sum, and represented the condition of his estates. One half of the property would go to his son upon his marriage with Grace Atherton, the remaining portion to revert to him, upon the event of his own decease.

"And now," said the lawyer, repressing the exulting tone which his feelings would have thrown into the words, and speaking very low, "we had better, my dear madam, proceed with the will."

Mrs. Atherton bowed in silence, and the attorney proceeded, formerly to convey her last will and testament upon the parchment before him. Its purport was, briefly, a bequest of her property to her daughter, upon the condition that she should become the wife of Richard Scrivener. Failing of this, the bulk of her estates would pass to Simon Scrivener, as being her nearest of kin, while a small annuity remained to Grace. It would be impossible to paint the brilliant eye, the burning cheek of the old man, as a thrill of feverish joy ran through his frame at such a consummation of his hopes. Already he beheld this dazzling wealth within his grasp, for sure he was that Grace would shrink from claiming it, at such an alternative. She hated him, and despised his son. The lawyer was perfectly sure of the result. The will was completed.

Overcome by her exertions, Mrs. Atherton sank upon her pillow and closed her eyes. A vague apprehension, perhaps a thought of remorse, at having sacrificed her child upon the alter of ambition, kept her silent; while the attorney sat motionless, with his eyes fastened to the characters he had just traced, as if they had flung a charm, a spell over him, which he had not power, by word or gesture, to break. A moment passed, and then staring up, with the pen and paper he approached the bed.

"My dear Mrs. Atherton will make another effort, and sign this," said he gently.

There was no answer. The lawyer raised the white hand from the snowy coverlid, but it returned not his pressure, and fell heavily back from his loosened clasp like a dead thing. Mrs. Atherton had fainted! Springing to the bell, the attorney pulled it violently, then, as footsteps rapidly approached, he obeyed a sudden impulse of thought, and slipped the will among his papers that were laying losely upon the table. A moment after Grace entered the room, and scarcely noticing the presence of Mr. Scrivener, flung herself, with loud shrieks for help, upon the lifeless form of her mother.

The attorney stood gnawing his lip with mingled rage and disappointment. To be baffled in his schemes, when the moment of triumph but now seemed to have arrived, woke a storm of fury and passion that swept through his soul, until he writhed in agony, and his features worked convulsively, in the fierce struggle to suppress in that room, all evidence of the passion that moved him. He was unconscious that the whole houshold had silently gathered around the bed, and that among them stood a grave, elderly gentleman, anxiously watching the countenance of the yet insensible woman, until a light touch upon the shoulder, roused him.

Grace Atherton stood before him. Her face was very pale, and her eye tearful, yet a quiet scorn thrilled in every word, and stung the old man sharply, as she spoke. "It is not fitting, sir, that you remain here. If my mother wakes, she will be inadequate to any further business to-day, your presence would but distress her."

The lawyer reddened to the temples, and gathering up his papers, silently left the apartment. An hour before, he had entered it, full of high hopes, with an elastic, nimble step. Now he slunk away in the bitterness of despair, throughly cowed down and crushed in spirit.—He did not immediately leave the house, but awaited in the withdrawing-room the return of the physician from Mrs. Atherton's chamber. It was not long before that personage made his appearance.

"Ah, good morning, doctor," said the attorney, assuming an easy familiarty in his tone; "our esteemed friend is without doubt, again the happy subject of your skill.—We are indebted to you, sir, for this. What a privilege, my dear sir, to be the instrument of rescuing one as it were from death, to animate the drooping faculties, so that our worldly affairs may be arranged ere we depart, and the conciousness of having thus blessed our prosperity, remain with us to smooth the dying pillow. I trust, sincerely, that—"

"I am sorry to disappoint you, sir," replied Dr. Ashleigh, in a sententious tone; "I fear Mrs Atherton is beyond all human skill to save. Her system has received a severe shock. Perfect rest and quiet are essential, that she live twenty-four hours. I have given orders that she be not disturbed within that time."

There was a cool civility, and a marked emphasis in this reply, that recalled the lawyer to himself. Not caring to submit his face, that no longer acknowledged his own will, to the searching gaze of that gentleman, he bowed hurriedly, and drawing his hat over his eyes, retraced his steps to ——Court.

We return from this digression, to the evening of the day on which those events transpired. The attorney sat in his room, with the will yet unsigned before him. On the table were pen, ink, and several pieces of paper written over with a name, in evident imitation of that affixed to a note which the lawyer was studying. Twice since morning had he gone to Mrs. Atherton's, and been denied access to that lady, and now, baffled at every turn, despairing and desperate, he racked his brain for a gleam of hope.—he plotted with a keener sagacity to achieve the work that semed almost tottering to its fall.

Meanwhile, scenes of a very different character were being enacted in another part of the city. Kate Marston stood at the door of her parlor, until the figure of her lover was lost in the darkness; then she sat down, and with an elegant volume of poems (his gift) open before her,—now glancing at the eloquent page, and again yielding to the delicious memories of the past hour, that thrilled her heart, and brought the rich blood into her delicate cheek, she awaited the return of her brother Philip.

In one of the stalls of a fashionable coffee-house not far distant, there was seated at a table spread worth a light and delicate supper, a dark-featured, sinister-looking man of herculean frame. He evidently awaited the arrival of some one, for the repast was yet untouched, and from time to time he consulted his watch, with an impatient gesture. The entrance of a young man, as the clock struck nine, put an end to his suspense.

"Ah! there you are at last," said he, in a surely tone. "A woman will make a man forget time, appointments with a friend, and every thing else, even to a hungry stomach. Love is selfish, Dick. Confess that the fair Kate had well nigh fastinated you out of your supper, and not content with that, was charming you into forgetfulness of the fact that you had made an appointment with your friend, thus compelling that friend, to set down solus, to a cold repast. Ha! ha! my boy, what exacting creatures women are! Thank my stars I've kept clear of 'em, so far!"

His companion made no answer, for the moment, to this speech, but quickly seated himself at the table, and drawing close the curtain that drooped at the entrance of the stall, filled a glass of brandy, and tossed it off at draught "Pooh!" said he, contimptiously. "you know me better than that. Kate Marston is a pretty girl, has fallen in love with me, and it's a pleasant variety, you know, Tom, to have a soft white arm round one's neck and a splendid pair of eyes looking through you, that's all."

"Not exactly all." replied the other, with a laugh: "Miss Grace and the comfortable sum of two millions, makes a very pleasant exception to that. You're a lucky fellow, Scrivener. When does the ceremony Come off?"

"Not so fast, if you please," said his companion.—"The will is yet unsigned, and the girl will not consent to the marriage."

"And in that event!" interrupted the other.

"The prize slips out of our hand," replied Richard Scrivener, cooly.

"And the old woman!"

"Dead, very likely, by this time," was the answer.—"She swooned away this morning, when about to sign the will. The old governor has been there twice to-day but the doctor kept her too close for him. Grace is at the bottom of it, I dare say." The young man said this with the most unconcerned air possible, and applied himself to the viands, which were yet untasted.

"Confound it, Scrivener, you're a strange fellow," said his friend, eyeing him with disgust. "I dare swear, the loss of Grace Atherton's fortune would trouble you little!"

"Faith, Tom, you're right replied the other, with a shrug, "for then I shall be rid of the girl. I'm not of the marrying sort—ha! ha! Besides, she's a milk-and-water, piece. There's Kate Marston, a black-eyed, warm hearted little witch, of the right spirit; now if—" The rest of this sentence was spoken in a very low tone.

Scarcely had the words passed his lips, ere the young man felt himself seized violently by the throat, and a moment after, a strong hand hurled him with prodigious force against the panelling of the stall. [CONTINUED.]

REPUBLICANISM IN RUSSIA.—The Czar of Russia has published a ukase for the regulations of the Universities. These institutions have become in that country, as in other parts of Europe, so many hot beds of republicanism. The secret societies among the students are imbued with liberal ideas to a dreadful extent. To prevent the spread of the contagion, the Czar has prescribed that the number of the students at each University shall not exceed three hundred, and has forbidden the reception of applicates until the number has been thus reduced.

ANTI-CHOLERA PRESCRIPTION.—Don't get in a fluster, and go on a buster, nor allow yourself to terrified be; but keep a cool head, and never be led, to join a hurrah and spree.

If a sparking you go, and we know you do so, keep an eye on the time as it flies; and now do you see, don't stay later than three, if you are any ways moderately wise.

Don't dread it at all, be old young or small, neither be overly rash; but keep calmly on, as ye always have done, and avoid eating acid or trash.

Be tidy and clean, avoid everything green, whether it be cabbage of krout; and quite skimming you'll go, if you take for a motto, "always know what you're about."

"WAS Mr. Brown a popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busy-body of his friend. "I should think he was," replied the gentleman, "as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving: and several of them, including the sheriff, the deputy, and several constables, followed him for some distance."

Foreign News by the Cambria.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE!

St. John, N. B. Aug. 2.

The Steamship Cambria, Capt. Shannon, arrived at Halifax at 3 o'clock this morning.

Affairs in England.—Parliament is to be prorogued on the 9th. A motion, which Lord Brougham previously announced his intention to make, as reference to the French expedition in Italy, was laid upon the table of peers on Friday. The resolution embodied a wide range of subjects, and implied a direct censure of the foreign policies of the government, and it is understood that the envoys and agents in Northern Italy, and in Sicily, will be fully noticed.

In the debate which took place on the 20th, in allusion to the cholera, Lord Ashley, the chairman of the Board of Health stated in the House of Commons on Thursday last, that he had reason to know that not one half of the cases were reported.—Enough, however, is officially known to make it certain that the epidemic is raging in many parts of the country to a dreadful extent. During the last week 339 death by cholera were reported in London, which is more than double the number of the preceding week. Bristol, Plymouth, Portsmouth, and along the whole south coast it is raging in a very malignant form and the mortality is very great. At Liverpool the disease is rapidly increasing. The number of cases reported for 4 days previous to Thursday, were respectively 64. 74, 85, 102.

Ireland continues to be generally exempt from the scourge.

Ireland—Riots—The Crops.—On the 12th, a very serious riot took place between a party of armed Orangemen and Catholics, near Castle William, in the county of Down. The Orange party having celebrated the day, it being the anniversary of the battle of Aughran, at Tullymore, and being on their march home, whilst passing a defile called Dolly's Brae, found their path waylaid. All the passes and surrounding hills were occupied by an immense number of Roman Catholics, provided with forks and fire-arms, and plainly contemplating a general massacre.

The Protestants aided by a small party of police and military, stood upon their defence; and succeeded in forcing their way through the gap, after a short struggle in which 40 or 50 persons are said to have been killed or wounded on both sides,—much the greater proportion being of the Roman Catholic party; 38 Ribbonmen had been taken prisoners on Friday. Two medical gentlemen drove through the country, round about the scene of the contest, with the view of administering relief to those who were wounded, but they were refused admittance at every house where they called.

The Cork *Examiner* in alluding to the potato crop, says the disease has appeared in a few fields. There can be no doubt but is is equally positive that as yet the general crop is saved, and in almost all places unusually abundant; and the general impression, is that it is so far advanced that supposing a blight to set in, the tubers will have been out of the ground before such time as the disease could have reached it.

Offers of several private residences have been made for the accommodation of her Majesty during her sojourn at Cork, which, as it is not her intention to step out of the royal yacht, have been graciously declined.

France.—The committee of the Legislative Assembly, to which the question of the prorogation was referred, has come to the unanimous decision of recommending that the Assembly should be prorogued from the 15th of August to the 15th of October. The Budget will not be brought forward until after the meeting of the Assembly in October.

We learn that the Socialist agents is one of the Departments of the Interior, undismayed by previous reverses, are still very active in making proselytes among the peasantry.

The *National* announces that Prince Canino, the son of Lucien Bonaparte, and ex-President of the Roman Constituent Assembly, had been arrested at Orleans, by order of the government, on his road from Marseilles to Paris. It is said, that having a claim against his cousin, Louis Napoleon, for money lent in aid of his election, the Prince was coming to France to demand it, the conduct of his cousin against Rome having stirred up his ire. It is said that the Prince will not be imprisoned, but that he will be forced to embark for England or America.

The report of M. Combarel Leryel on the law of the Press has been distributed. It is favorable to the measures of the Goit. The resignation of the five Mayors of Paris, has been attributed to some offensive remarks expressed in a document by the Perfect? M. Berger, amongst others said that it was their misfortune to live under a Republic.

The election to fill 35 vacancies in the Legislative Assembly has turned out much more favorable to the Goit than was anticipated. With the exception of M. Jules Faror, who was returned for Lyons, every one of the newly elected members will support the Goit as long as the majority hold together.

The *Debats* sees great cause for anxiety in the passive victory obtained in the elections. A victory due entirely to the fact that an immense number of the electors refrained from voting, which that journal says, appears to be a bad symptom. It is an evil upon which we cannot close our eyes. We are the strongest to-day, but we can find nothing to show that we shall be so to-morrow. It is admitted by all that a *coup de main* is probable.

The questions openly discussed are about a consulate for life for the Empire—Henry V., and the compt de Paris.

The change of Ministers is considered an event most certain to occur within a very short time.

It is said Mole is to be President of the Council, Thiers; Minister of the Interior; and Fallon, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

By a decree of the 16th inst., Gen. Lamorcierce has been appointed Envoy and Minister plenipotentiary of France to Rome, and he is said to have left Paris for the head quarters of the Emperor of Russia.

Baron de Rothchilds is about to leave Paris on a trip to Italy. It is said that his journey is in connection with the indemnity to be paid by Piedmont, which would necessitate a loan and also the unpaid half years interest in Roman bonds.

The progress of the investigation into the affairs of the 13th of June, has become active, owing to some arrest recently made, and the discovery of important correspondence. There is a talk also of revelations which will increase the number of the accusers who are to figure before the high Court of Justice, Sergeant Rithier.

The missing Montegrand representative has escaped to England. The Pope has addressed an autograph letter to Gen. Oudinott, on the occasion of receiving the keys of the city of Rome. His Holiness congratulates the General on the triumph of order in Rome, and expresses his hope that Divine Providence will cease the difficulties that may still exist. He adds, that he does not cease to direct his prayers to heaven for the General, the city, and the French nation. The letter was directed Gaeta, July 5.

Preparations are making at Rome, which leads to the belief that Pius 9th is expected to return to the Quirinal.

The French are doing all they can in distributing money freely to get up a cry in his favor but in vain.

The Roman troops who had agreed in the first instance, to do duty conjointly with the French, are all leaving; and the whole force remaining now amounts to less than 1000 men, of those many were anxious to leave, but Gen. Oudinot would not give his consent.

The Pope's engineers having been asked to make a demonstration in his favor, preferred quitting the service—39 out of 43 resigned, and the rank and file were disbanded.

The same occurred in the artillery. All the officers having resigned with the exception of three Captains and a Sergeant. The reason given is that the French refused to give them any precise guaranty as to the protection for the rights of the people.

Garibaldi has succeeded in making his escape good from the French Division, who were put upon a false scent, and he is now in the mountains of Abbruzzi. Previous to his departure from Rome, he had secured ammunition and military stores.

Another account states that Garibaldi is on the new palitan frontier where he has been joined by another body of troops, and formed it is said a body of 20,000 men.

Venice.—The recent operations against Venice have been discontinued in consequence of the fatal prevalence of fever and sickness amongst the Austrian troops, caused by the excessive heat and hard work.

The Revolution in Hungary.—A Turkish Ambassador in Paris, received a despatch on the 19th inst., by courier, announcing that the Polish Gen. Bem, had again completely defeated the Russians under the command of Leurs, in Transylvania, and that the latter had been obliged to take refuge in Wallachia, with a small remnant of his army.

Advices from Vienna, of the 13th of July, state that Buda and Peath had surrendered to the Austrian Russian troops on the 11th inst., without resistance.

From a report of Gen. Haynau, addressed to the Emperor of Austria, it appears that a very sharp conflict took place on the 11th before Comorn, between the combined armies and the Magyars. The Hungarians fought with fierce impetuosity, but the Austrians claim the victory.

Another and probably more reliable account of this battle states that 180 pieces of cannon were brought into the field by the Hungarians, and the loss sustained by the latter in artillerymen, may be estimated from the circumstance, that several of the guns had to be secured literally by the ditch meister in Finlay. Nothing could be more complete than the defeat of the united Russia-Austrian armies, under Haynau. He was obliged to fall back on Raab, where his head-quarters are at present, and which city is filled with wounded. He had been obliged to send 3,000 wounded to Presburgh. But for the timely arrival of the Russians to cover his retreat, Haynau and his staff would have been taken. The Ban Jelliachich lately demanded by a flag of truce the garrison of Peterwardein to surrender.

The commander of the garrison replied, "I know well how affairs stand, and that the so-called Bem of Centria, will soon find himself surrounded, and with his whole army be destroyed by the Russians. He holds the enemy in check, making successful sorties. Comorn will soon be invested.

Commercial Summary.—*Liverpool, July* 21.—Trade continues active, and the business done this week has been large, and in general at improved prices. The produce markets are well supplied.—A healthy feeling continues to prevail, and a fair extent of business has been done at fair prices.—Cotton has continued firm at advancing prices, and money to a considerable extent being invested in the article, in the consumption of Cotton is now greater.

All the leading grain markets of England are dull and prices, as the harvest approaches, show symptoms of a decline.

The retail trade is firm, and within the last few days there has been an increased demand for iron.—Scotch pig has advanced 2s. per ton. Money continues abundant, and is readily obtained at 2, a 2½ per cent.

Liverpool Corn Market, July 21.—There is no activity in the market for Breadstuffs; on the contrary there is a depressed feeling, and prices are lower than the date of our last issue. Old Western canal flour is selling at 24s. to 24s. 6d. and. 25s. Ohio and Baltimore 45s. a 25s. 6d., and Philadelphia, 25s. 6d., whilst a large proportion of the late arrivals at this port being of an inferior quality and out of condition, are selling at 21s. a 23s. per bbl. *Wheat.*—American is held at 5s. 7d. to 7s. 3d. per 70 lbs. Indian Corn is quoted at 30s. a 32s., the latter being the value of prime white.

Canadian Prophecy.—The following appears in the French Republican Journal of Montreal, *Le Moniteur*. It is a description of the coming man—that individual to whom is to be entrusted the reorganization of Canada.

Canada will become free, and will be annexed to the United States in five years. Upper Canada will form one State. Lower Canada a second, and New Brunswick a third. Independence of the country will be obtained by means of petitions addressed to the parent country signed by men of all parties, and among others by 60,000 French Canadians. Lord Elgin will never go back to England. The first Governor of the State of Lower Canada will be a man of middle age, who, just now is living very retired, equally unknown to all parties. He is a Canadian in heart and feeling. His mother is Canadian, but his father is of English origin, though born in Canada. It is this double character, meeting in him, which will cause him to be advanced to the Presidency by the almost unanimous voice of the people. Louis Joseph Papineau will not be one of the first to declare himself in favor of annexation, though he longs for it with all his heart. His name will be glorious in the future (*dans l'avenir.*) All the Canadians will unite to send him as their representative to the Senate in Congress. Believe this, or believe it not, as suits you; it will turn out the same in the end.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The *New Orleans Delta*, of the 25th, has some items of California news received by way of Mexico that we have not heretofore seen. We extract the following letter, which is copied from the *Trait d' Union* of Mexico of the 4th of July;—

Mazatlan, 18th June, 1849.—It appears the *placers* of California are now the theatre of dreadful suffering, if we are to credit the reports of gold hunters who left our city, and have been able to return. They have assured us that at the *placer* Stanislaus, where the Spanish adventurers were principally collected, there were about fifty thousand diggers, the greater portion of whom had scarcely half enough to support life, and the balance received no fruit from their labors. The majority of these last mentioned persons have returned to San Francisco, and are awaiting a chance to return home in some vessel which will carry them away gratuitously, for they are totally unable to pay their passage. Among the last arrivals was a Peruvian bark, on board which a revolt had occurred; ten or twelve passengers had refused to set foot upon the soil of California as soon as they had ascertained the extent of suffering in the country.

A friend, in whom I have implicit confidence, writes me from Monterey, under date of May 22. I have not written to you previously, because I was occupied in my rancho, in delivering cattle to those who intend to speculate in them at the placers. I am going to see what I can make out of them, as I perceive the gold is being rapidly dug out. It seems that all Sonora has emigrated to California. You cannot imagine the multitude of persons who are arriving from all parts of the world. There is not the least doubt that instead of placers, they will encounter much suffering, difficulty and disappointment, for it requires much trouble and money to reach the interior. Add to this, that the gold is not now found on the surface of the earth, as heretofore, and, nevertheless the prices of horses and the necessaries of life has not diminished. Goods are falling every day in price; there are more now at San Francisco than they know what to do with, and many bankruptcies are expected.

I have yet to give you intelligence still more deplorable. The loss of several vessels on the coast of California is announced. It is said the passengers of a steamer, which it touched at San Blas, affirmed that they had met, at sea, a vessel, bottom up, and that in this vessel were twelve corpses compactly tied togher. The passenegrs of the barque Jenning which anchored in our harbor, upon her return from San Francisco, report having met, at sea, a brig swamped. The Mexican schooner, Maria del Rosario, which left Mazatlan for California, on the 29th of Febuary last, probable lost as there no account of her arrival at San Francisco.

Enemies.—Alexander's *Messenger*, in speaking of men who have enemies, very justly remarks:

"A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything: he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked, that every one has a hand in it. A stearling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded with enemies, used to remark; 'They are sparks, which if you do not blow, will go out of themselves.'"

The Editor of a political paper, if he does his duty fearlessly, will always have enemies, not only in the party opposed him, but among men professing the same principles, and the fact is very often rendered apparent, that certain men do you a greater service by opposing than supporting you.—*Bedford Gazette.*

☞ Gen. Taylor's gross ignorance is a perpetual source of mortification to the candid and intelligent portion of his political supporters. To one of them who recently called on him he talked about. Connecticut as the "*Bay State.*" If any one douts the fact, the new London Star says says it is prepared to prove it, by as good *Whig* authorities as there is in New London.—*Worchester Spy.*

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

SAD INTELLIGENCE FROM THE PLAINS

The following letter, conveying the sad intelligence of the ravages of the Cholera among the Buffalo Emigrants to California, from one of the party, was received in this city this morning. It was the only letter, we understand, that came to hand. The California mail was on board of the steamer Algoma, which, with others, was burned at the late disastrous fire in St. Louis, and the contents of the mail nearly destroyed. The letter from which this mournful intelligence is taken was considerably charred. It states that Dr. George E. Hayes had written full particulars, but his letters were undoubtedly entirely consumed.

The deceased were among our best known and most respectable citizens, and the news of their melancholy fate has cast a gloom over the community. The last that was previously heard from them, the party was progressing properously and in fine spirits. But the destroyer has overtaken them in the wilderness, and, as in crowded cities, they have fallen before it.

Camp Buffalo, at Fort Laramie, June 26, '49, 2 o'clock, A. M.—my watch.

My Dear W.—I hardly know how to write to you in this case, for it is a time of trouble. On the 21st of this month, Dr. Gilbert McBeth, who came with us from home as our Physician, was taken sick with Cholera, and, after a short sickness of twelve hours, died. This made all our party feel very sad. This is not all. On the morning of the 23d, Mr. A. Hayden and H. O. Hayes were taken sick of the same disease. Mr. Hayden died on the 24th, at 4 o'clock, A. M. Mr. Hayes died the same morning, at half past 8 o'clock. This was and is a sad time in our little camp. On the morning of the 24th, after we had got Mr. Hayden and Mr. Hayes all ready to be buried, Col. John J. Fay was taken sick and died yesterday morning, at 4 o'clock.

We have counselled together and made up our minds that it will not answer to return, and of course must go on. We are now getting up into the high country where the air will be more healthy, and I think what is left of our little party (eight) will be in good health hereafter; but God only knows.

Say to Mr. Kip's family, I saw John to-day. All well. Shall leave here in a day or two.

Outbreak of Indians in Florida.—A slip from the Savannah Georgian of July 27th, says that there was a further outbreak of the Indians at Charlotte's Harbor on the Gulf, nearly simultaneous with that on Indian River. These outbreaks were so nearly simultaneous, that the express from each place met the other at Tampa.

Fifteen Indians went into Mr. Kennedy's store at Charlotte's Harbor. Mr. K. being absent, the Indians killed his clerk and another man, besides wounding several other men and several women, plundering the store, and finally burning it.

Two military companies which were sent from Tampa to protect the frontier, almost entirely deserted.

It is said that the Indians are contemplating another desperate war. Great alarm prevails among the frontier settlers, who are abandoning their crops and homes for safety. The Indians first feigned friendship, and having obtained the confidence of their deluded victims, traitorously turned upon them. It is supposed that there are six hundred warriors in the field.

The Medicine Business in Philadelphia.—Two-thirds of the "patient medicine," sold in America is manufactured in Philadelphia, and we have every reason to believe that it is a most lucrative business, yielding two hundred per cent. clear profit. The ingredients in a fifty cent box of pills do not cost the manufacturer more than three cents, perhaps; but the incidental expenses, including advertising, double the cost. Nearly all of the patent medicine made here is consumed by persons residing out of the city;—the Philadelphians themselves are not over fond of the luxury. The Southern and Western people "go their death" on patent medicines.—They supply us with barrels of molasses at the wholesale price of four or five cents per quart, which some of our ingenious medical artists put up in half-pint bottles, and a little antimony, snake-root, or sassafras, and send back to the South to be sould at a dollar per bottle. This is a pleasant business to the manufacturers; they all get along swimmingly. The greatest number of their patients are too far off to make compliments, if the physic does not succeed according to expectation, and in this respect our patent doctors have an advantage over the regular faculty. Some of our wealthiest men in Philadelphia have made their money by patient medicines. [*Philadelphia Pennsylvanian.*

Affray and Death.—The schooner Meridian, Capt. Seamour, bound from Cleveland to Chicago, arrived at Milwaukee on Thursday afternoon, having on board the dead body of James Bain, the Second Mate, who was killed in an affray, which occured the night previous, when off Port Washington. The facts, as stated by the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, are briefly these. That the deceased Bain commenced an attack on the Captain, and the first Mate, Harvey Rummage, interfearing, Bain grapuled him, and threw him over the rail. He was drawn on board again by some of the crew, when Bain again grappled him, and in the scuffle Rummage struck Bain a blow with his fist, which instantly killed him. The schooner put into Milwaukee at Rummage's request, add on her arrval he immediately gave himself up to the authorities.

Suicidal target Shooting.—A curious case of suicide occured at Chelsea, near Boston, on Thursday. A man named Edward Lanson, who had served in the Mexican war, called week before last on a physician in Boston, and requested to know the exact location of his heart, as he wished, he said, to apply a plaster over it. The physician marked a black circle around the heart, and the man went away. On Thursday, Lanson walked out, taking with him a musket loaded with two balls. On coming to a tree, he placed his back against it, and point ing the gun at the centre of the circle drawn on his brest, discharged both bullets into it.

Destructive Fire in Cleveland.—The beautiful Episcopal Church on Euclid-st. building by Heard and Warner, for the society of St. Paul's, was burned down on Friday (yesterday) morning about one o'clock. The Church was of wood—Gothic finish, and neatly plastered. The fire was undoubtedly the work of incendiries. Several of the neighbors noticed before 11 o'clock several men prowling about and fancied they smelt smoke. They turned out, examined their own premises, went to the Church, found the basement door of the Church open, (the key of which was missing that afternoon) and thought for a time they smelt brimstone, but after a little it seemed to blow off, and they went to their homes and to bed. This was about midnight.

The church had cost already about $6,000—the only insurance was by E. T. Sterling upon his own subscription and advances of $1,200.

St Paul's Society's loss $3,000—and Herald & Warner about the same amount, and in lumber and tools, in and near this church, some $350. Several mechanics lost their chests of tools. The loss of Grocer Johnson was some $1.500, building and stock, of Mrs. Rummage $1,000, building;—of Abraham Mahox. $300, building—no insurance upon any of them.

We were not at the fire ourself, but from complaints that have reached us from all quarters, there certainly must have been something wrong with the Firemen. No water was thrown until the church, Mrs. Rummage's house on the opposite corner, were burned down, and half the adjoining building destroyed.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

Stabbing in Pittsburgh.—A man whose name we have been unable to learn, (says the Pittsburg *Post,*) was dangerously stabbed in a fight, on the corner of Smithfield and Fifth streets, on Friday night. The fight lasted some ten or fifteen minutes, and although there was a large number of persons attracted to the spot by the noise, we did not see any of the night police.

One of the "Glories of War."—A correspondent of the N. O. *Delta*, writing from Saltillo Mexico, where some of our "Mexican heroes" resided for a short time, says: "The Senoritas are anxiously awaiting the annexation of this part of the country to the United States. They say they cannot enjoy themselves since the Americans left here. I have noticed, on my, trip from Matamoras to this place, several beautiful white children, about twelve or fifteen months old, and their mothers the color of a *new jockey saddle.* I inquired who the fathers of these children were, and they answered me, *quien sabe.*

Erie Weekly Observer.

ERIE, PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGTST 11, 1849.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,

JOHN A. GAMBLE,

OF LYCOMING COUNTY.

"A Few Words Personal."—Under this head the "*Erie Gazette,*" of last week has an article which, unpleasant as it always is to personally appear before the public, we are bound to notice. In that article the editor of the *Gazette* says, "it has been the custom of the *Observer* ever since" his "connection with" that paper, "to charge" him "with an unwillingness to make the *amende honorable,* even under circumstances of pressing necessity," and then calls upon us to show that such charges are just. Without acknowledging that the assertion of the *Gazette* is strictly true, let us review the past a little, and see how the account stands between us and our cotemporary; and if we refer to matters and things anterior to the present Editor's connection, with the Gazette, we trust that he and those who may see fit to read this article, will pardon us, as it is somewhat necessary to a proper understanding of our position.

When, therefore, some six years since, we, in connection with the gentleman whose name until recently was associated with ours, purchased the Observer establishment, we expected to meet at the hands of the Whig papers in this place a *political* opposition. That was natural, and we were prepared for it. We were not prepared, however, for a *personal* opposition; which, for violence and acrimony, we venture to assert has scarcely ever been equaled, if we take into consideration the small amount of brains employed in the onset. From the very first number issued under our name, until the then editors of the *Gazette* were very uncoremoniously kicked out of that establishment by one of its present proprietors, scarcely a week was allowed to pass without personal allusions to us. The people were constantly reminded that we were a couple of "beardless boys," whose opinions, no matter how correct—and whose arguments, no matter how sound—and whose facts, no matter how convincing, were unworthy of notice. A systematic attempt not only through the paper, but by personal conversation and by whig orators on the stump, was made to *belittle* us in the estimation of the public. Instead of extending to us the courtesies due from one editor to another, and awarding to us that mede of praise which perseverance and industry when exerted in any calling, are entitled to, the *Gazette* took a different course, with what success the result shows. When, however, the paper passed into other hands, and the Editorial management devolved upon Mr. Ball, our present State Treasurer, a different course was adopted. Although he widely differed from us, and was tenacious in the advocacy of the measures and policy of his party—and although we were weekly called upon to refute his arguments, or differ from him as to results of certain lines of policy, we do not recollect that he ever complained as the Editor of the *Gazette* now complains, or that the least unkind feeling existed between us. The reason was that he treated us fairly—he was too much of a *gentleman* to place himself upon an imaginary eminence, and like the pharisee of old, thank God he was better than us, poor publican and sinner.—To *elevate* himself, he did not think it necessary to *belittle* us: and when he thought he ought to notice any of our articles, it never entered his head that it was also necessary to blow his horn, and summon all whigdom to notice that he had *condescended* to do so. In short he treated us Editorially as an equal—as a "fooman worthy of his steel," and the consequence was that while he Edited the *Gazette* there was no crimination and recrimination between that paper and the *Observer.* We notice this fact to show that we can live in harmonly with a cotemporary when that cotemporary is disposed to treat us fairly.

This policy, however, has not been, we are sorry to say, imitated by Mr. Ball's successor, the present Editor of the *Gazette.* He chose a different course—one probably more in accordance with his taste—and the consequence is that there has been a constant bickering between us. Professing to avoid personalities, he has been personal, and then to hide it, has chided us for our personalities. But a short time since, without the least shadow of proof, such as would be taken in a court of justice, he charged us with unworthy motives in abandoning the whig party some seven years since. Professing candor and meekness in his Editorial intercourse, he has let no occasion pass to assume a superiority; and very benevolently, at times, has gratuitously offered his advice as to the manner we should conduct our paper. If we have retorted sharply, and met him with his own weapons, he can blame himself and not us.

And to prove to him, and every candid reader, that what we say is sustained by the facts, we need only quote a paragraph or two from the last two papers. In the article to which we are now replying, he says: he was "taught in early childhood to respect and adopt the principle of rendering unto 'Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's,' and if we have departed from it to any material extent, so as to commit gross injustice, and lower the standard of individual merit, and done so designedly and pertinaciously, we should like to know it." This is the profession—now look at the following from the *Gazette* of the week previous, and tell us how the practice corresponds:

"☞ The editor of the *Observer* says *he* belongs to the 'Shunk and Dallas Democracy' and is satisfied with the nomination of Mr. Gamble. We cannot doubt it, sir. That spirit of *servility* to the behests of party which you have long cultivated, would naturally lead you to such acquiescence. There is a *slavery* of spirit, peculiar to some men, which never dares to resist the will of those from whom they have hitherto derived their 'bread and butter.'"

The article to which the above is a reply contained not a word to draw out such a personal allusion—*not a word!* And yet its author pretends to "render unto Cæsar he things that are Cæsar's," and denies ever having departed from it sufficient "to commit gross injustice" or so as to "lower the standard of individual merit." Now we acknowledge being a partizan—and what political Editor is not?—but does the Editor of the *Gazette* seriously imagine that we are more so than himself? More so than the thousand of others in the profession? And in what instance did he, or any other man, ever see us exhibit "a *slavery* of spirit which never dares to res at the will of those from whom" we "have hitherto derived" our "bread and butter"? We know not who he alludes to when he speaks of "those from whom we have hitherto derived our bread and butter." It cannot be the politicians in this vicinity, for precious little "bread and butter" have we ever received from them, except such as we rendered a fair equivalent for in our labor What does he mean then? And does he "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's"? We think not—and those who know us best will readily bear witness, that whatever other faults we may possess, "a spirit of servility," and "a slavery of spirit," the two ingredients of a fawning sycophant, are not among them.

We have probably written enough to show our cotemporary how we feel, and how we stand, and why we think his course has been neither manly nor courteous towards us. We are pofectly aware that in this matter our subscribers have but little if any interest, and we are not disposed to press it farther. We would not now have made our personal affairs the subject of a paragraph, did we not deem it necessary to show why we are called upon so often to use the lash upon the back of our cotemporary.—Rest assured it shall be the last time, if we can help it.

☞ What rascally stories some of the Washington correspondents do tell of the "Second Washington." Here is one of them:

"Well, general, I remarked, to change the topic, I am happy to see you have recommended a national fast.—Under the circumstances, it is very proper. "Fast—fast?" said the President—"No, I believe not—but what do you mean?" I explained. "Ah," said the President smilling, "that's some of Tom Ewing's works, I'll bet a negro. I never heard of it before, but the fact is, my secretaries bring so many papers for me to sign, that I can't tell what I do put my name to."

OUR RAIL ROAD—ITS TERMINOUS.

Since the survey and location of our railroad there has been considerable discussion among our citizens in regard to its termination. Some contend that its proposed terminous is the best—others, that it ought to terminate upon the public square—and still others, that it ought to be at the public docks. In this conflict of opinion and, possibly, *interest,* we have taken no part—we have been content to take the road wherever those who have the means to build it may see fit to place it, but it must be confessed that the views and arguments set forth in the following letter have never struck us so forcibly before. This letter was not intended for publication, but was written as one friend would write to another upon a subject they were both deeply interested in, and hence the author's over-estimate of our instrumentality in awakening public attention to the importance of the road, and thus securing its commencement, must be ascribed to personal partiality—a partiality, the reader will pardon us for saying, which is the more highly prized because he has the *misfortune* to differ with us politically. For ourself we claim no such merit as he ascribes to us—what we have done has been as a public journalist deeply anxious for the prosperity of our town. Thus much to disarm any charge of egotism which might be made in certain quarters for publishing the letter as it is, and we will let our correspondent speak for himself, deeming it a much better way of calling public attention to the subject than to embody his views in an article of our own:

——— August 4, 1849.

Dear Sloan:—Day after day, for some weeks, I have purposed writing you about our Rail road, but a press of employment has prevented me. You and I co-operated in giving the *life-saving* impetus to the North East and Erie Railroad. Had you not stimulated the public mind, and persuaded them to meet in convention at Westfield in the spring of 1847; the charter would unquestionably have lapsed. That is history, let it pass. You and I entertained one opinion on the subject of this road going westward. Ultimately it must go west. Treating that as a "fixed fact," I think the Company and Mr. Courtright, their Engineer, have made a mistake in making the "depot" at the south side of the town. The commerce of the town should be studied, and its preservation and increase made certain. Now, my opinion is, that the road should make a *detour* east of the town at the most favorable point, so as to secure its reaching the public wharves by "locomotive power." This "Horse-power" business will be fatal to our transporters for two reasons. First, it will be more expensive—second, not as speedy—and I may add a third, it will prevent our competing with Cleveland.

If the road terminates permanently on the south side of the town, it will be easier and cheaper to continue it right on to Cleveland. We do not want that yet, for the Clevelanders are not fools, hence they will run the road plum down to their wharves and load and unload along side of, or into the vessels, or *vice versa,* from vessel to car. In this view, the "horse transportat on of one and one-fourth miles," from the south side of Erie to the dock will act as a premium in favor of the Cleveland transporters. For in the spring of the year, before the ice is out of Buffalo, and our own harbor being open, the owner of a cargo bound to New York, from Detroit or any other western port, would quickly see the probable difference of expense, and would be sure to land his cargo along side the depot in Cleveland, instead of landing it at Erie, 1¼ miles from the locomotive power. It is to be remembered that 6¼ cents per ton difference in freight will control this great trade, in every way so important to our town. This 6¼ cents may be all the profits, being the price for hauling, charged by our Forwarding Merchants. Take this away and their business languishes, because it will not pay them.

On the other hand, goods at Buffalo bound west in the spring, (Erie harbor being open and Buffalo closed) and shipped on the cars at Buffalo, will be driven on to Cleveland to avoid the few cents per ton charged to get them to the wharf at Erie. Thus, you see, this "horse power" business operates as a bounty in favor of Cleveland transshipments, and most assuredly will seriously injure our trade, unless corrected.

The road, in going west, must give to our every interest just as much protection and accommodation as it affords to the interest of Cleveland. To give us less is to wrong ourselves, and blast the hopes and business prosperity of our town, in a commercial way. To protect all our interests, the railroad and our shipping should approach each other. They should exchange freights *side by side.* The smoke and steam of the Locomotive should mingle with the smoke and steam of our steam boats.—This done, all our natural advantages remain with us unneutralized. Then our forwarding men and transporters can work as cheap as all the world beside. Then the interest of the Railroad Company and our business men will be identical and harmonious. Finish the road as now proposed, and before two years they will be in open quarrel, and necessarily so, from the operation of the difficulties I have mentioned above.

Again, before you are aware of it Eastern stock-jobbers and capitalists will, by hook or by crook (no matter at what cost) possess themselves of the controling stock of our road, and when in their power will they study the interests and wants of Erie, or their own interests?—The persons who construct the road will have stock; which they receive for work. Shrewd men at the East will be sharp and quick to see these advantages, and I am mistaken in our Cleveland friends if they do not quietly pass the word along to buy up the stock, for it will be profitable. The road should reach the wharves as I have indicated, then it matters not who owns the stock, all will be right and our advantages cannot slip away.

The moment the New York and Erie Road is completed to Fredonia or Dunkirk, its terminus will be at our wharves, that is, if our road ends where I indicate. But if, on the contrary, the depot is kept on the south side of our town, then the terminus of the New York and Erie Railroad will be at Cleveland. There cannot be two opinions on this subject when correctly examined.—Make the depot at our wharves, and when they want to make the road west to Cleveland, they must commence at that point, and extend west from there. When completed, the commerce of the west and of Cleveland must pass over and along side of our wharves. Then every child can see the advantage of sending a cargo direct from Detroit to Erie, the transportation on the Lake from that point to Erie being no more than to Cleveland

Dollars and cents must not enter into this calculation. It will cost a trifle more to build the road by this route, 'tis true; but to save the town it *should be done,* no matter for the trifling expense. To construct the road one way is to secure our prosperity—to terminate it as now proposed I fear will greatly injure us.

These are my views, hastily thrown together. I give them to you for what they are worth. There is not in Erie, another person who understands my views on this subject. We have co-operated together to secure the commencement of this road, and shall be pained to see the interests of our town slip from between the fingers of our people, when a little care will not only preserve, but augment our advantages. Pardon my long letter.

Ever truly yours.

The Cloven Foot.—The Louisville *Democrat* says that the Whig *Review,* the organ, *par excellence,* of the party, contains in the July number a review of Washington's administration, the chief object of which is to exalt Hamilton and disparage Jefferson. It is genuine Federalism, undisguised. What the organ will do with the second Washington we cannot tell; for he, in his letter to Ingersoll., professed, in shocking bad English, to be a disciple of Jefferson in particular.

☞ A correspondent of the "Home Journal," in writing from *Delhi,* N. Y., talks about "pretty trout, with their golden tinted *scales.*" Trout with "*scales*" is ahead of us—we knock under to this city fisherman!

Just So.—The Boston *Post* says the Taylor papers are now exulting in the fact that all the democrats in Vermont do not unite in support of the free democracy nomination made by the Montpelier convention. Should the whigs happen to succeed in chosing their ticket, these same Taylor papers will send up a great shout about the "triumph of whiggery over the coalition of free soilers and democrats;" and yet the whigs here claim to be the best free soilers on the face of the earth!

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Under this head the Philadelphia *Ledger,* a neutral or independant paper, in commenting upon the Reading *Journal,* a Whig paper, which assails the tariff of 1846, because it tends to cheapen the price of goods, wares, and merchandize that enter into the consumption of the people of the United States, says that paper, would have the old system of protection revived, and our farmers compelled to pay high prices for all they bought, while, from the absence of a foreign demand for our own staples they would be compelled to sell the produce of their farms at the lowest prices. This is all very well for the manufacturer, but the farmer, whose interests are greatly paramount, will not and should not subscribe to it. The *Journal* calls upon all who feel the "hard times" to raise their voices against this ruinous system of buying *cheap.* With equal propriety the call might be made upon all who are interested in maintaining the natural law of trade, of buying *cheap* and selling *dear,* to resist all discriminations that tax the farmer to add wealth to the manufacturer, and to record their voice against all those arbitrary barriers that would shut out the farmer from the market of the world—and on this issue submit the question to the people. Now for a few facts:—The value of the Agricultural products of the country for the year 1848 is estimated, from the best data, at *one billion, five hundred and twenty-nine millions, five hundred and sixty-four thousand, seven hundred and fifty-six dollars!!* The total product of the Manufacturing and Mining interests is estimated at $625,000,000. And yet to swell the profits of these smaller interests the *Journal* would have the agricultural interest not only taxed in the shape of high prices for manufactured goods, but by the imposition of prohibitory duties, would shut out the farmer's best customers, leaving the surplus harvests of the country to rot in our granaries. For it is a well settled fact that no people can buy without selling; and if we shut out the produce of European labor, we cannot long find in Europe a market for our great staples, cotton, breadstuffs, provisions &c. Nor is it desirable if we could. Healthful trade is an exchange of commodities—the cultivation of those pursuits that are found best adapted to one locality, and the disposal of the product for some other necessary or luxury produced more cheaply in another. But, do the manufacturers require more *protection* than they have—or would any increase of duties go to the Treasury in the shape of revenues, or to the increased profits of the manufacturers? Facts, we think, show that the manufacturing interest in this country is firmly based, and is at this moment more productive than any one of the several interests which it is proposed to farther tax. Scarcely a day passes that we do not hear of some new manufacturing enterprize. In every section of the Union companies are forming, thus affording the best possible evidence that the pursuit is profitable. We have now before us an announcement of the following semi-annual dividends: The Saco Manufacturing Company three per cent.; the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Manufacturing Company four per cent.; the Contocook Manufacturing Company eight per cent.; and the Augusta Manufacturing company, away down in Georgia, a *quarterly* dividend of three per cent., or twelve per cent. per annum! What farmer realizes any such profits? Coming nearer home, the Trenton rolling mills are undergoing extensive improvements preparatory to the production of of a new patent railroad iron, called the chair rail; and in Bucks county in this state, some old iron workers are building an enormous blast which will make two hundred tons of iron per week. Will any sensible person pretend that capitalists would invest their means in manufacturing if the business was not now profitable? The thing is improbable. Now compare the prosperity of manufactures at home with this fact, clipped from a late number of Bicknell's Reporter.

"The decay of manufactures in Dublin has been the subject of much arrevalent discussion. The truth is that it has no single requisite for their successful prosecution, being without coal and without the command of water power."

One other fact, important to the issue, will bear mention here. The Cincinnati Gazette, published in the heart of the grain growing districts, says, "the deficiency in the wheat crop of Ohio this season, it is now pretty satisfactorily ascertained, will be about one-third, or from 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 bushels." These, then, are our deductions: If the manufacturing interest is already more prosperous and more productive than any one of all others, as we think the facts prove; if in the old world certain manufacturing districts are in a state of decay, and if the single state of Ohio is about to suffer a loss of seven million to eight million bushels, is it the time to talk of taxing the farmers further, to make the already large profits of the manufacturers larger?

"Movements of the Opposition."—Under this head the Philadelphia *News* says that a political conference was recently held at Bedford Springs, in this State, at which many of the prominent Democrats of the State were present. It says the result of "this conference is understood to be that the Buchanan and Cameron influence, such as it is, is to be thrown in favor of Colonel Bigler, of Clearfield, as the next candidate of the party for Governor; that Judge Black, of Somerset, who was a prominent competitor with Col. Bigler for the nomination last fall, is to stand aside and take his chances as Mr. Sturgeon's successor in 1851, in the U. S. Senate, and that Mr. Buchanan is to be again urged by his friends for the next Presidential nomination." Although this statement of the *News* is evidently all guess work—the surmises of one who sees and can read the hand-writing on the wall—yet we are free to say that should any arrangement of the character indicated be made, it will receive a hearty response from the

IS "THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY DISSOLVED."

WHAT DOES TENNESSEE SAY!—Sufficient returns have been received from Tennessee to insure the election of Gen. WM. TROUSDALE, the Democratic candidate for Governor, and a gain of three members of Congress.—The majority for Governor will be about 3000. We have also *carried both branches of the Legislature*. This is what Tennessee says! and it strikes us it is sufficent to show that the Democratic party is not *quite* dissolved, as our whig friends *have been endeavoring to prove*. The Democracy of Tennessee *had* friends to reward and enemies to punish, and they have done it. The whigs of that *state gave Gen. Taylor a pledge to support his* administration, but the Democrats, imitating the example of that illustrious man, have caused them to *break* that *pledge! Hurrah for Tennessee*, say we!

INDIANA.—The returns from this state indicate the election of *Wright*, democrat, for Governor; and LANE for Lieut. Governor. The returns also indicate no change in the Congressional delegation, although a union between the free-soilers and whigs in almost every Congressional district lead us to fear a loss.

NORTH CAROLINA.—We have probably a gain of one member of Congress in this state.

KENTUCKY.—From partial returns we are led to hope for the election of Lane, democrat, over Marshall, whig, in the Louisville district. *This would be a gain.*

☞ NEW POLITICAL DICTIONARY.—The Boston *Post* *is responsible for the following new political dictionary.* Heretofore such a work was not necessary, but as "every *thing goes by contraries*," under the reign of the *spurious* "Washington," it is now highly useful.

Cabinet—"The power behind the throne greater than the throne itself"—but no great power, for all that.

Consistency—Promising moderation, and practising ultraism.

Enemies—Democrats, who supported General Taylor as a soldier, but who took him at him at his word when he said he was "incompetent" for the office of President, and didn't vote for him. "Let them be banished."

Friends—Whigs, *who ridiculed and abused Gen. Taylor* as a military leader—aided and comforted the enemy—declared his nomination as President "not fit to be made," and *then—voted for him in order to obtain the* spoils of office! "Verily, they have their reward."

Free-soilers—Persons whom the President "may find it to be his solemn duty indignantly to frown upon."—Yet, if there is any truth in whiggery, (and there isn't) the general is "one of 'em"

Honesty—One of the indispensable conditions of office-holding under the present administration. *See* Fitz Warren *et al.*

Government—An animal abnormal, polybrachial and acephalous—a new monster with six feable limbs and no head "on exhibition" at Washington, D. C.

Proscription—The particular thing which "Gen Taylor *hates and loathes*"—and *practices*. 2d. Removing democrats from office "for causes"—to wit:—'cause they *are democrats.*

Vi video meliora, proboque; sperno deteriora et sequor.

Rough-and-Ready—A phrase applied to the President on account of the very *violent* and *hasty manner* with which he breaks his political pledges.

Spoils—Certain articles which, in whig times, "belong to the victor," and which they *must* have at the *risk* of spoiling the country. Whiggery would soon "spile" without 'em.

Taylorism—Ultra Whiggery.

Washington—An eminent American statesman. As he died leaving no issue, all persons claiming to be "second Washingtons" are manifest *impostors.*

☞ The *Gazette* thinks that we felt "dull, and heavy" last week because of some trouble of mind, and ascribes that trouble to our "political sins." Very possibly—we are not perfect—but we can assure him he can rest perfectly quiet, without fear of being similarly troubled, for although his "political sins" are enormous, they will never trouble his *mind—it's too small.*

☞ The N. Y. Tribune says "Kalamazoo is the strongest whig county in Michigan." The joke will be understood, says the *Free Press*, when it is recollected that it is the *only* whig county in the State.

☞ A recent census of Oregon shows the number of the inhabitants to be 8,902, including upwards of 300 foreigners, and 2,509 voters. Gov. Lane has issued a proclamation, fixing the number of Members of Council and House of Representatives to which each county is entitled, and ordering the election to be held for them and for a delegate to Congress on the first Monday in June last. There are six candidates for Congress in the field.

☞ WISTAR'S BALSAM is chiefly composed of Extracts from MOSS of ICELAND, and from the PINE and WILD CHERRY of our own latitude. The great secret of its efficacy consist in the method by which these extracts are prepared. Such in fact is the nature and simplicity of this medicine, so powerful in action, yet so mild, safe and pleasant in its operation that it might be justly termed, "Nature's own prescription;" and although a few years have elapsed since it was first made public; we can proudly say it has acquired a celebrity unprecedented by any medicine in use, and is evidently destined to become the most popular and valuable medicine ever discovered.

☞ See advertisement. 3t13

☞ CHOLERA. It is well known that this epidemic is most prevalent and most fatal in *limestone regions—in those* sections of country in which there is a tendency to billious diseases. It is therefore to guard against a *billious* condition of the system, which is accomplished by the timely use of Dr. Osgood's *India Cholagogue*. We have yet to learn that there has been a solitary case of Cholera where this remedy has been used as a preventive.

Be particular to enquire for *Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue*, and purchase of the regular agent, or an honest druggist, and you will not be disappointed.

For sale by J. H. Burton, Agent, Erie, Pa.

☞ THE DIFFERENCE.—The ordinary Ointments and Liniments, it is well known, are severe are partial in their operations. *Sloan's Ointment* is mild, yet thorough—reaches and removes the *causes*, hence it gives *real* and *permanent* relief.

For purity, mildness, safety, certainty, and thoroughness, SLOAN'S OINTMENT excels, and is rapidly superseding all other Ointments and Liniments now in use.

☞ *All the Medicines advertised by W. B. Sloan are sold on* agency by Carter & Brother, No. 6, Reed House.

ENGRAVING ON WOOD.

☞ THE subscriber is prepared to execute all orders in his lines. Drawing and Engraving Landscapes, views of Hotels, Stores, Factories, Machinery, Societies' Seals, Business Cards, Show Bills, &c., &c.,

Orders attended to without delay, charges moderate.

Fredonia, July 27, 1846. M. S. PETTIT.

A CARD.

☞ THE Greatest discovery of the age is Dr. A. TRASK'S MAGNETIC OINTMENT, (see accompanying Circular and Advertisement) sold in Erie by Carter & Brother, Wholesale and Retail, and by one agent in the principal villages in the State.

4t10* E. K. CRANDALL Trav. Agent.

DR. M'LANE'S LIVER PILLS.—When the proprietor of this invaluable remedy purchased it of the inventor, there was no medicine which deserved the name, for the cure of Liver and Billious complaints, notwithstanding the great prevalence of these diseases in the United States. In the South and West particularly, where the patient is frequently unable to obtain the services of a regular physician, some remedy was required, at once safe and effectual, and whose operation could in no wise prove prejudiced to the constitution. This medicine is supplied by M'Lane's Liver Pills, as has long proved in every instance in which it has had a trial. Always beneficial, not a solitary instance has ever occured in which its effect have been injurious. The invention of an educated and distinguished physician, it has nothing in common with the quack nostrums imposed upon the public by shallow pretenders to the medical art. Experience has now proved beyond a doubt, that Dr. M'Lane's Pill is the best remedy ever proposed for the liver complaint.

☞ *Purchasers will please beware of counterfeits, and invariably* ask for Dr. M'Lanes celebrated liver pills, and take none else, as there are other pills purporting to be liver pills, now before the public.

For sale by Carter & Brother, and J. H. Burton, Erie, Pa.

MARRIED.

On the 7th inst., by A. W. Blaine, Esq., Mr. HENRY D. NASH to Miss LUCINDA COLSON, all of North East.

On the 6th inst., by S. Mervin Smith, Esq., Mr. JOHN OATH to Miss MARY WINZL, all of Erie.

DIED

On the 7th inst., of Whoopingcough, Infant son of O. L. Elliott, aged 9 mos., and 9 days.

In Waterford, on the 2d inst., PERRY W. GARDNER, in the 22d year of his age.

On the 5th inst., WILLIAM F., youngest son of Wm. F. and Mary E. Rindernecht, aged 1 year 1 month and 20 days.

THOS. B. STUART, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon, office on the corner of Peach, and 6th Str., Erie Pa., 5f13

SHINGLES.—30,000 good merchantable shingles on hand and for sale by G. B. WRIGHT.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS testamentary on the estate of *Asa* Ford, late of Le Boeuf township, *deceased*, having been granted the subscribers, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate, to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

WM. KINYEN, WM. BRACKEN, } Adm'rs.

Erie, *August* 11, 1849. 6t13

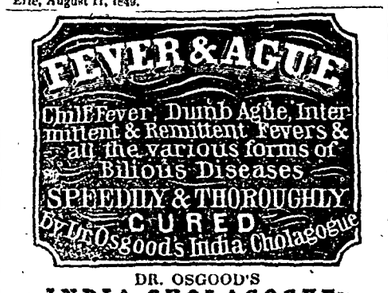
LAW NOTICE.

ALL persons who have cases in court, in which I have heretofore been concerned as counsel, are referred to Messrs. Thompson & Grant, *in whose care the same have been placed by* me, and who will attend to the same, as I intend shortly to leave Erie County. All business papers in my possession belonging to clients will be left with them. CARSON GRAHAM.

Erie, August 1, 1849. 3t13

1000 LBS. Fire Proof Paint, for sale at No. 6 Reed House by CARTER & BROTHER.

Erie, August 11, 1849.



DR. OSGOOD'S INDIA CHOLAGOGUE

THIS excellent compound was the result of long medical experience in a billious climate, and it is believed that the great object has been accomplished of presenting the public with a remedy for a Fever and Ague, on which they can rely for a speedy and certain cure.

It is a combination of *vegetable* substances and warranted free from Mineral poisons of every description. It has a healing power upon broken constitutions, always leaving the system in a more sound and healthy condition. It is a *prominent feature of the* Cholagogue that it never injures the most delicate constitution.

A few days even will satisfy the most incredulous of its great efficacy in building up the spirits and restoring the energy and vigor of health.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL!!

Extract of a communication from A. W. Miller, the proprietor's Agent at Elizabethtown, N. J.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. J., June 23, 1849.

DR. CHARLES OSGOOD,

Dear Sir:—I have but three bottles left of your *India Cholagogue*, having sold almost a gross within the past few months, and have yet to hear of the *first instance of its failing to cure*. One man said he had within a year or two past paid more than $30 for Fever and Ague medicine, which had done him no good—but that two bottles of the Cholagogue had cured him.

I know of a number of instances, when one bottle cured three or four persons who were severely afflicted with the same disease.

Our most eminent Physicians now use it and recommend it, having become satisfied of its inestimable value, and that it is free from quackery. Yours, respectfully, A. W. MILLER.

CAUTION.

Guard against imitations. Be sure you obtain Dr. Osgood's *India Cholagogue*, and you are safe.

For sale by J. H. Burton, Wholesale and Retail Agent, Erie. Erie, August 4, 1849. 4m12

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES

FOR CASH AND PRODUCE

AT POWERS' NEW YORK STORE,

NO. 6, BONNELL BLOCK,

State St. Erie, Pa., (one door above Lester, Sennet & Chester's)

THE subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Erie, and the adjacent country, to the fact that he is offering a wholesale or retail, a new, desirable, and general assortment of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, &c. &c., AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

My arrangements in New York are such as to enable me to keep my assortment full, particularly STAPLE DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES. *Remember*, I shall sell *Goods Cheap*, for the proof of which please *CALL AND EXAMINE*. All goods warranted as represented, or the money will be refunded.

CASH AND PAID FOR GOOD DAIRY BUTTER at all times and for it or most other kinds of *Produce*.

S. B. POWERS.

Erie, July 13, 1849. 9

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

RASCALITY AND DECEPTION.

LET EVERY ONE READ THIS CAREFULLY.

THERE is a Sarsaparilla for sale called Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla. It is *advertised as the original*, &c. This is a notorious falsehood. Dr. Townsend has expended over $300,000 the last eight years in advertising his Sarsaparilla, which has obtained a character and reputation throughout the United States as an a greater part of this world—the sale being enormous.

This excited the cupidity of *certain unprincipled men*, and an old man who was engaged in peddling cheap publications about the streets of New York, for a number of years. This man's name is Jacob Townsend. He applied to a number of men to get employment, or to sell the use of his name, to put up Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, stating the large sales and sums we had expended in advertising, as an inducement to embark into the business. Among others, he applied to Charles Watrous, Esq. Editor of the Jamaica Farmer, who scorned such a proposition. Mr. H. Q. ANDREWS, formerly one of the proprietors of McALLISTER's Counterfeit Detector, firm of Andrews & Co. Banker and Publisher of the Broken Slim-Plaster Bank at Belleville, New Jersey, JOHN SKILLMAN, and WILLIAM THOMPSON, under the *name of* THOMPSON, SKILLMAN & Co., have employed this old man, and agreed, we understand, to pay him seven dollars a week for the use of his name. These men have been inserting and libelling us in all possible forms, in hopes we would notice them, and bring them up before the public. Let the *public decide* upon the *course of these low and miserable men.*

ONE OF THEIR TRICKS.

They say that Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla sours and ferments—this is false, as we have kept it through the whole year in New Orleans, Texas, Mexico, South America and the West Indies—in fact the older it grows the better it becomes. *We made a new bottle* to by sent in the spring, that spoiled. They were informed, and exchanged as soon as possible; such an accident will never occur again. Thus they attempt to make a great story of, and say that *the whole of our Sarsaparilla sours, &c., when they are aware* that they are publishing falsehoods.

ANOTHER TRICK

We went to an expense of five hundred dollars to get up a splendid steel engraving per label, and had the portrait of Dr. Townsend on it to distinguish it from all others, and prevent mistakes. These men are now getting up a label on steel, with a portrait of old Jacob Townsend—let the public decide upon such transactions, and let them remember that *one is genuine and the original*, unless signed with the name of S. P. Townsend. The plate is engraved on steel and contains the portrait of Dr. Townsend, three female figures, and a view of our factory. The spurious has no factory or female figures.

Dr. Townsend no Physician.

These men also publish that Dr. Townsend is no physician: this like all other statements, are false. Dr. Townsend attended two of the best Medical Schools in the country, has studied the different theories of medicine and practices, for the last fifteen years; has ex[illegible] several years, and expended large sums in bringing *his medicines to perfection.*

This old Jacob Townsend,

They are endeavoring to palm off on the public as an old physician, &c. He is no physician, and never attempted to manufacture a medicine until the *one* men hired him for the use of his name. They say they do not wish the people to believe that their Sarsaparilla is ours, or the same—but the better to deceive the public, they at the same time assert that theirs is the old Dr. Townsend's, and the original; and endeavor to make the people believe that the stuff they *manufacture* is the Dr. Town-end's *Sarsaparilla that has per*formed so many wonderful cures for the past ten years, and which has gained a reputation which no other medicine ever enjoyed—which is a base, villainous, unprincipled falsehood. We have been compelled to commence suits for damages. We wish it to be *understood*, that the old man is no connection of Dr. Townsend whatever. In their advertisements and circulars they publish a number of gross falsehoods respecting Dr. Townsend, which we will not notice.

FALSE REPORTS.

Our opponents have publi-hed in the papers, that Dr. S. P. Townsend was dead—this they send to their agents about the country, who report that we have given up business, &c., &c. The public should be on their guard, and not be deceived by these unprincipled men.

OUR COURSE.

Being satisfied by the experiments and the results of the medicine in eradicating disease, we resolved to place it before the world. At that time all of the Sarsaparillas for sale was put up in small vials of four and five ounces, and sold for one dollar per bottle. We could afford to sell a quart bottle of the purest and best article for the same. We resolved to do so and was laughed at and our Sarsaparilla called *molasses and water by the other manufacturers*; who said a good article could not be afforded for the price. A few years, and they learned the difference of this. Dr Townsend's Sarsaparilla almost entirely superceded the others, being infinitely better, and five times the quantity for the same price. Of late these men have made a great discover, which is, that *they* have been selling a smaller vial of medicine for one dollar, which they could afford for twenty or twenty-five cents. For these same men now put up their Sarsaparillas in Quart bottles, very nearly resembling our's in the same price as they formerly sold the small ones, and *ask the people to purchase*. The people are not so green however. They have copied our labels, circulars, and shape of the bottles as near as they dare. Their course and ours we leave for a discerning public to act upon.

GREAT DISCOVERY.

Dr. Townsend having ten years since discovered a new formula of compounding the Sarsaparilla with other ingredients, and succeeded in *producing a fluid that resembled in its action upon the* digestive organs, the saliva, or gastic juice of the human body.—A liquid, when taken into the system, created new, rich, and pure blood—which would sustain, prolong, and create new life—for the blood is the life—resolved, after three years of experiments, to *bring it before the public. Sanguine that it required only to be* known to be appreciated, being thoroughly convinced that to cleanse, purify and strengthen the circulation, was the great secret of eradicating disease. The conviction led to the discovery of Dr. Townsend's Compound of the Sarsaparilla. Satisfied that by diminishing the quantity of blood in the system, the life also was diminished, and that the true theory was to produce a healthy circulation. The theory having proved true, it is adopted wholly or in part, at present, by a large number of medical gentlemen, and the remedies more effectual than we anticipated—hence the wonderful success of this medicine.

THE ROOT WE USE.

We use the best Honduras Sarsaparilla. The last year we purchased more than ten times the amount of Sarsaparilla of all other Sarsaparilla manufacturers in the United States. Mr. Bispham, long a merchant in the Honduras trade, and others, export it fresh and direct from Honduras for us. Messrs. Burr, Wareman & Co., No. 109, South street, have fitted up expensive and extensive *machinery* to rasp by steam the heart of the Quash, or Iguanuvine wood. They furnish us over 1,500 barrels the last season. Our Yellow Dock, which we use a great quantity of, is cultivated in fields by the Shakers at New Lebanon and Ickenna, and consequently the very best —far better than is generally used. We employ over one *hundred* men and boys collecting Roots, &c. in the proper seasons. Indeed *all our arrangements are* the most perfect and complete of any other similar establishment in the world, and our medicine is unequalled,

IMPROVEMENTS

We have at our manufactory all machinery that is required to *make the very best medicine* from the Sarsaparilla that was ever produced. We have powerful steam engines to grind out and extract the root. We also have extensive vats for settling and filling, &c., such as were never before used in the preparation of any medicine. No other manufacturer of Sarsaparilla has steam power to manufacture by.

☞ The above Sarsaparilla is sold by CARTER & BROTHER, No. 6, Reed House, Erie, who are the only authorized agents for Erie county. 3m10

MULL and Jaconet Edgings, very nice and cheap at S. R. DEWEY'S.

Erie August 4, 1849.

RIBBONS.—A good assortment of Bonnet Ribbons may be found at S. R. DEWEY'S.

Erie, August 4, 1849.

GLOVES.—Kid, Silk, Lisle Thread, &c., a fine assortment at S. R. DEWEY'S

Erie, August 4, 1849.

Osgoods India Cholagogue,

AT the whole sale price by the dozen at J. H. BURTON'S.

Erie July 7, 1849 Wholesale Agent Erie

FLOUR for $4 per bbl. at T. W. Moore's

CAUT ON EXTRA.

A man by the name of *CLAPP* has engaged with a young man of the name of S. P. Townsend, and uses his name to put up a Sarsaparilla, which they call Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, denominating it *GENUINE*, Original, ect. This Townsend is no doctor, and never was, but was formerly a *worker on railroads*, canals, and the like. Yet he assumes the title of Dr., for the purpose of gaining credit for what he is not This is to caution the public not to be deceived, and purchase none but the *GENUINE ORIGINAL OLD* Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla, having *on it the Old Dr's.* likeness, *his family coat of arms*, and *his signature* across the coat of arms.

Principal Office, 102 *Nassau st., New York City.*

THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERER OF THE

Genuine Townsend Sarsaparilla.

Old Dr. Townsend is now about 70 *years of age*, and has long been known as the *AUTHER* and *DISCOVERER* of the *GENUINE ORIGINAL "TOWNSEND SARSAPARILLA."* Being poor, he was compelled to limit its manufacture, by which means it has been kept out of market, and the sales circumscribed to those only who *had proved* its worth, and known its value. It had reached the ears of many, nevertheless, as those persons who had been healed of sore diseases, and saved from death, proclaimed its excellence and wonderful.

HEALING POWER.

Knowing, many years ago, that he had, by his skill, science and experience, devised an article which would be of incalculable advantage to mankind when the means would be furnished to bring it into universal notice, when its unestimable virtues would be known and appreciated. This time has come, the means are supplied; this

GRAND AND UNEQUALLED PREPARATION

is manufactured on the largest scale, and is called for throughout the length and breadth of the land, especially as it is found incapable of degeneration or deterioration.

Unlike young S. P. Townsend's, it improves with age, and never *ferments*, but for the latter reason: it is prepared *on scientific principles, by a scientific man. The highest knowledge of Chemi*stry, and the latest discoveries of the art, have all been brought into requisition in the manufacture of the Old Dr's. Sarsaparilla. The Sarsaparilla root, it is well known to medical men, contains many medical properties, and some properties which are inert or *useless*, and others, which if remained in preparing it for use, produce *fermentation and acrid*, when taken into the system. Some of the properties of Sarsaparilla are so *volatile*, that they entirely evaporate and are lost in the preparation, if they are not preserved by a *scientific process*, known only to those experienced in its manufacture. Moreover, these *volatile principles*, which fly off in vapor, or as an exhalation, under heat, are the very *essential called properties* of the root, which give to it all its value.

Any person can tell for himself, who took it, by getting a dose of the liquid, which is more from the coloring matter in the root than from anything else; they can then strain this insipid or vapid liquid, sweeten with sour molasses, and then call it "SARSAPARILLA EXTRACT or SYRUP." *But such is not the article known* as the

GENUINE OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

This is so prepared, that all the inert properties of the Sarsaparilla root are first removed, everything capable of becoming acid or of fermentation, is extracted and rejected; then every particle of *medical virtue* is secured in a pure and concentrated form; and thus it is rendered incapable of losing any of its valuable and healing properties. Prepared in this way, it is made the most powerful agent in the

Cure of Innumerable Diseases.

Hence the reason why we hear commendations of every side in its favor by men, women, and children. We find it doing wonders *in the cure of* CONSUMPTION, DYSPEPSIA, and *LIVER COMPLAINT*; and in *RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA, FILES, COSTIVENESS* all *CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES*, and all affections arising from

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

It possesses a marvelous efficacy in all complaints arising from *Indigestion*, from *Acidity of the Stomach*, from unequal circulation, determination of blood to the head, palpitation of the heart, cold feet and hands, cold chills and hot flashes over the body. It *has not its equal in Colds and Coughs*; and promotes easy expectoration and gentle perspiration, relaxing stricture of the lungs, throat, and every other part.

But in nothing is its excellence more manifestly seen and acknowledged than in all kinds and stages of

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

It works wonders in cases of *Flour Albus or Whites, Falling of the Womb, Obstructed, Suppressed, or Painful Menses, Irregularity* of the menstrual periods, and the like: and is as effectual in curing all the forms of *Kidney Disease*

By rousing the obstructed, and regulating the general system, it gives tone and strength to the whole body, thus cures all forms of

Nervous diseases and debility,

and thus prevents or relieves a great variety of other ills it also dies, as *Spinal irritation, Neuralgia, St. Vitus' Dance, Swooning, Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, &c.*

It cleanses the blood, excites the liver to healthy action, tones the stomach, and gives good digestion relieves the bowels of torpor and constipation, allays inflamation, purifies the skin, equalizes *the circulation of the blood*, producing gentle evacuation equally all over the body, and the unconscious perspirations; relaxes all stictures and tightness, removes all obstructions, and invigorates the entire nervous system. In not this then

The medicine you pre-eminently need?

But can any of these things be said of S. P. Townsend's inferior article? This young man's liquid is not to be

COMPARED WITH THE OLD DR'S.

because of one GRAND FACT, that the one is INCAPABLE of DETERIORATION, and

NEVER SPOILS,

while the other DOES *souring, fermenting, and blowing the bottles* containing it into fragments: the sour, acrid liquid exploding, and damaging other goods! Must not this horrible compound be poisonous to the system?—*What! put acid into a system already diseased with acid!* What causes Dyspepsia but acid? Do we not all know that when food sours in our stomachs, what mischiefs it produces? flatulence, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, liver complaint, diarrhea, dysentery, or consumption of the *blood*? What is Scrofula but an acid humor in the body? What produces all the humors which bring on Eruptions of the Skin, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, White Swellings, Fever Sores, and all ulcerations internal and external? It is nothing under heaven, but an acid substance, which sours, and thus spoils all the fluids of the body, more or less. What causes Rheumatism but a sour or acid fluid which insinuates itself between the joints and muscles, curdling and inflaming the delicate tissues upon which it acts? So of nervous diseases, of impurity of the blood, or deranged circulations, and nearly all the ailments which afflict human nature.

Now is it not horrible to make and sell, and *infinitely worse* to *use this*

SOURING, FERMENTING, ACID "COMPOUND" OF S. P. TOWNSEND,

and yet he would fain have it understood that Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's *Genuine Original Sarsaparilla*, is an IMITATION of his inferior preparation!!

Heaven forbid that we should deal in an article which would bear the most distant re-*emblance* to S. P. *Townsend's article!* and which should bring down upon the Old Dr. such a mountain load of complaints and criminations from Agents who have sold, and purchasers who have used S. P. Townsend's FERMENTING C MPOUND.

We wish it understood, *because it is the absolute truth*, that S. P. Townsend's article and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla are *heaven-wide apart, and infinitely dissimilar*; that they differ in every particular, having not one *single thing* in common.

As S. P. Townsend is no doctor, and never was, *is no chemist*, no pharmaceutist—knows no more of medicine or disease than any other common, unscientific, unprofessional man, what *guarantee* can the public have that they are receiving a genuine scientific medicine, containing all the virtues of the articles used in *preparing it, and which are* capable of changes which might render them the AGENTS of Disease instead of health?

But what else should be expected from one who knows nothing comparatively of medicine or disease! It requires a person of some experience to cook and serve up even a common decent meal. How much more important is it that the persons who manufacture medicine, designed for

Weak Stomachs and Enfeebled Systems,

should know well the medical properties of plants, the best manner of *securing and concentrating their healing virtues*, also an extensive knowledge of the various diseases which affect the human system, and how to adapt remedies to these diseases!

It is to arrest frauds upon the unfortunate, to pour balm into wounded humanity, to kindle hope in the despairing bosom, to restore health and bloom, and vigor into the crushed and broken, and to banish infirmity that OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND has SOUGHT and FOUND the *opportunity and means to bring his*

Grand Univers l Concentrated Remedy

within the reach, and to the knowledge of all who need it, that they may learn and know, by joyful experience, its

Transcendent Power to Heal.

For sale by J. H. Burton, No. 5, Reed House, Erie, Pa.

Erie, *July* 11, 1849. p

100 POUNDS Gum Camphor,
400 do Tartaric Acid,
150 do Bicarb Soda,
200 do Cream Tartar,
75 do Oil Origanum,
50 do Gum Opium and Arabic, by

July 21, 1849. CARTER & BROTHER.

FRESH GROCERIES.

JUST received by latest arrival, at the old stand of Hitchcock & Zimmerly, a well selected stock of FRESH GROCERIES, of every description for family use, such as Teas, Sugars, Coffee, Rice, Pepper, Alspice, Cinnamon, Cloves, Nutmegs, Molasses, Oils, Fish, Flour, Cheese, Tobacco, Fruit, Nuts, *which are offered* on terms that cannot fail to suit our customers. Please give us a call.

N. B.—All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for groceries.

A. H. HITCHCOCK.

Erie, August 4, 1849. 12

GINGHAMS.—Scotch, French and American Ginghams, for sale very cheap by S. R. DEWEY.

Erie, August 4, 1849.

STRAY COW.

CAME to the enclosure of the subscriber, in Millcreek Township on the 22d of July last, a Pale Red Cow, long horns, with some black hairs from the nose to the eyes, about 9 years old.—*The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take* her away. STEPHEN RILLING Jr.

Millcreek, August. 4, 1849. 3:12

ARROW ROOT, Sago, Pearl Barley, Oat Meal, Tapioca Vermicilla, by CARTER & BROTHER.

700 POUNDS of Madder, first quality, by CARTER & BROTHER.

The "Nimble Sixpence" Store.

WHICH is better than the slow shilling, as I have said before. Therefore I offer the following articles very low for Cash, *and a great many others which cannot be enumerated in an advertisement*; viz:

Crockery of all kinds, cap and letter paper, from $2 25 up to $4 50 per ream according to quality; combs for Ladies and gentlemen, Clark's spool Cotton, Coffee, four different kinds; herring by the box, mackerel, "Fall River" nails, 4d to 1*d*, at 5 cents per pound, cast Shovels, manure forks, grain scoops, brushes of all kinds, tooth brushes, 3c. each: hair brushes, slates and slate pencils, knives and forks for $1 per set, hair pins, globe lanterns, for 5, 6 and 7 shillings each; a good assortment of Wooden Ware, such as wooden bowls and boxes, lemon squeezers, beef steak pounders, rolling pins, muddlers, soap dishes, &c., &c., and a hundred other "notions." Call and see for yourselves and if they do not *suit, don't* buy. All these can be found at E. A. BAKER'S.

Erie, July 21, 1849. Chespaike.

FARMERS' HOTEL.

Corner of French and Fifth Streets, Erie, Pa.

THE undersigned takes this method of announcing to his friends and the public that he has opened the above named establishment *for the reception of company. The house has recently* been REPAIRED REFITTED AND CLEANED, so that it is now in good condition and worthy the patronage of the public. The sleeping rooms, as well as every other part of the House, have been entirely refurnished with NEAT AND SUBSTANTIAL FURNITURE. No pains will be spared to render the House what it should be, and the stay of guests pleasant and agreeable. The table will always be furnished with the BEST the MARKET AFFORDS.—The location of this House is Central, and will be found convenient either for business or pleasure.

CHARGES MADE UNIFORM AND REASONABLE.

The Stables are large and convenient, and are under the charge of an attentive and competent man.

Passengers Carried to and from the Steam and Packet Boats free of Charge.

☞ The subscriber pledges himself that no efforts will be spared on his part to promote the comfort of all who may favor him with their patronage.

Erie, June 30, 1849. H. G. SESSIONS.

CIGARS.

10,000 "Justo Lang" Cigars, for $12 per thousand.
5,000 La Norma do 7 " "
10,000 Havanna do 14 " "
5,000 La Belaclay Principe 20 " "
5,000 Havana La prima, 30 " "

For sale at B. A. BAKER'S, *July* 21, 1849. Chespaike.

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of Tibbals & Dewey, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the late firm will be settled by C. M. Tibbals, who is authorised to settle the same. C. M. TIBBALS.

Erie, July 23, 1849. S. R. DEWEY.

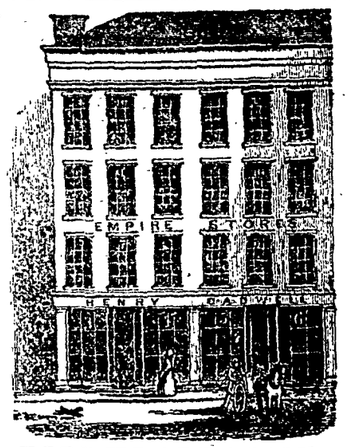
NOTICE.

ALL Persons having unsettled accounts with the late firm of Tibbals & Dewey, will please call and make immediate settlement. C. M. TIBBLES.

Erie, July 23, 1849. Chespaike.

BONNETS.—Ladies wishing to buy Bonnets cheap will find them at S. R. DEWEY'S.

Erie, August 4, 1849.



HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

JUST in time to redeem our pledge of importing the largest and cheapest stock of Goods ever landed at Erie harbor.

Room No. 1, we are now receiving a large stock of Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes, Chains, Crow Bars, Horse Shoes, Waggon Boxes, etc. which we are selling at a discount of 10 per cent. below spring prices.

IRON, all around, for Waggons, at four cents per lb, Log Chains at 8 cents per lb., Trace Chains at 50 cents per pair, English Anvils 10 cents per. lb. and every thing in the Hardware line in proportion, which is far below Buffalo prices.

No. 2, a late arrival, making our stock of GROCERIES complete, at low prices.

No. 3 and 4, the largest and richest assortment of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, now receiving that were ever before opened for the western trade, at prices, that we defy competition with Buffalo or any other market.

Room 5, Receiving, of our own Importation, the largest stock of Hardware, Chains, Anvils, Vices, Bellows, Scythes, Forks Hoes, shovels, and every kind of Hardware that was ever imported for the western trade, which will be sold at New York prices. This is a chance that retailers do not often get.

At No. 7, we are beginning to receive our large importation of CHINA, CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, and LOOKING GLASSES which we are selling at Buffalo prices.

And at No. 8, will be found over three thousand yards of Carpeting, Rugs, etc., direct from the Looms which we are selling as *low as can be* bought west of New York, from 25 cents to $2 00 per yard.

Any one that is bound for Buffalo, just drop in and we will convince him, (as we have hundreds of others within the last six weeks,) that the Empire Stores in Erie, can show a better stock of Goods, and in price can compete with any market in America; and my goods that are now arriving, are at a great discount from Spring Prices. H. CADWELL.

Erie, May 2. 3

EMPIRE EXPRESS ARRIVAL.

JUST received by express a good assortment of Glloss, Fringes, *Linen Ginghams, latest style of Crape Shawls*, White and colored Bonnet Ribbons, plain Satin Ribbons, walking Shoes, patent leather Ties new style, Canze Flannel, Lisle Gloves, Silk Gloves, colored cotton Hose, now style of Prints &c. &c.,

Erie, July 7th, 1849. H. CADWELL.

Office of the Spring Garden Mutual Insurance Company.
PHILADELPHIA, June 1849.

WITH the view of confining the business to the office in this city, the Agencies at New York, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Pottsville, Erie and Reading, were *discontinued on the first day* of March last.

The above comprise all the Agencies the Company had at that time. L. KRUMBHAAR,

Erie, June 7, 1849. Secretary.

Oranges and Lemons.

A FEW Boxes of Fresh Oranges and Lemons just received and for sale at No. 7, Poor People's Row, by T. W. MOORE.

Erie, July 7, 1849.

Raisins and Figs.

A GOOD article can be found at T. W. MOORE'S.

Erie, July 7, 1849.

Straw Hats.

STRAW HATS for *one shilling* and other things proportionately cheap, at T. W. MOORE'S.

Erie, July 7, 1849.

Dried Apples.

A LARGE lot of nice Dried Apples just received, at

Erie, July 7, 1849. T. W. MOORE'S.

CLEAR THE TRACK

FOR THE

Great Western Locomotive!!

TAKE NOTICE, ALL THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED:

CALL at SIEGEL'S Corner and convince yourselves that he is Now receiving the largest, cheapest and best lot of GROCERIES ever brought to Erie. Among his assortment may be found the following:

SUGARS.—Six tons of Port Rico Coffee Sugar, Crushed, Loaf and Pulverized.

COFFEE.—Ten bags Old Government Java, *ten bags of Laguera* and ten bags of Rico.

MOLASSES.—Two thousand gallons New Orleans Porto Rico and Sugar House.

TEAS.—Fifteen chests Young Hyson, Imperial, Black and Gunpowder. *Imperial tea in six pound cadies for family use.*

FISH.—Five thousand pound Cod Fish, Mackerel, Shad, Holland Herring, *Smoked Herring* and Sardines.

Twenty barrels Turpentine, thirty do. of Linseed, Lamp and Tanners oil.

150 kegs Brooklyn, Buffalo and Pittsburgh White Lead.

The largest kind of an assortment of Paints and Dyestuffs.

100 kegs of Eastern and Pittsburgh Nails.

LIQUORS.—French Brandy, Holland Gin, Rum, Port Wine, Madeira, Malaga, Claret and French West Indy Wine.

TOBACCO.—100 *dozen* of Smith's fine New York Smoking, sixteen Loaves Cavendish, 100 dozen fine cut Rappee and Maccaboy Snuff.

Ten kegs and 100 flasks Kentucky Rifle Powder, *fifty bags of* Shot, *big* Lead and Percussion Caps.

Thirty boxes Candy, 25 drums of Malaga Figs, 30 jars prunes and a great variety of articles *in my line that would take more* time than I have room to enumerate.

To my old customers and *the public generally, I would say, call* at SIEGEL'S Corner, directly opposite the Farmer's Hotel and see for yourselves, that I am bound to sell wholesale or retail, cheaper than any other establishment West of Buffalo. C. SIEGEL.

Erie, July 7, 1849.

BRASS CLOCKS.

EIGHT DAY and 30 Hour Clocks, various styles of cases, at greatly reduced prices.

Also, Marine, Circular and other Time Pieces for sale low by G. LOOMIS & Co.

Erie July, 7. State Street.

SILVER WORK.—*Silver Spoons, Ladles, Tongs, Scoops, Butter* Knives, &c.' constantly on hand and *Manufactured by the superiorbers, not in the Nutmeg State, but in Erie*, and warranted the standard of dollars. Comparison of style in this branch particularly invited.

Also, Threaded Spoons and Forks from New York Manufactory, all of good silver. G. LOOMIS & Co.

Erie July 7.

SPLENDID JEWELRY.—Embracing Pins, Rings, Bracelets, Lockets, Chains, Pencils, &c., new and beautiful patterns

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER

IS PUBLISHED

BY B. F. SLOAN,

CORNER OF STATE ST. AND THE PUBLIC SQUARE,

ERIE, PA.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

City subscribers by the carrier, at $2,00
By mail, or at the office, in advance, 1.50

☞ If not paid in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing, two dollars will be charged.

☞ All communications must be post paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Cards not exceeding 4 lines, one year.	$3,00
One square " "	10,00
do. do. six months,	6,00
do. do. three months,	3,00

Transient advertisements, 50 cents per square, of fifteen lines or less, for the first insertion; 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

☞ Yearly advertisers have the privilege of changing at pleasure, but at no time are allowed to occupy more than two squares, *and to be limited to their immediate business.*

Advertisements not having other directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

S. R. DEWEY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealer in Dry Goods, second door below Brown's Hotel, State Street, Erie, Pa.

GEORGE H. CUTLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and other business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

WILSON LAIRD.
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office over J. H. Williams' exchange office, next door to Judge Thompson's office.
Collecting and other professional business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

BROWN'S HOTEL,
FORMERLY THE EAGLE corner of State street and the Public square Erie, Eastern Western and Southern stage office.

ROBERT A. BAKER.
WHOLESALE and Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Nails, Detroit Ale, Butcuit, Crackers, &c. &c. Cesapside, Erie, Pa.

J. GOALDING.
MERCHANT TAILOR, and Cheap Ready Made Clothing Store, South side of the Public square, a few doors East of the Erie Bank.

H. B. HAVERSTICK.
No. 2, REED HOUSE. Dealer in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, &c.

T. W. MOORE,
DEALER in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candles, Fruit, &c., No 6, Poor People's Row, State street, Erie.

ALFRED KING,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL dealer in Groceries, Boat Stores, Provisions, and Pittsburgh manufactured articles; No. 2, Fleming Block, and 7th street, Canal Basin, Erie, Pa.

W. H. CUTLER,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law, (Office in Spaulding's Exchange, Buffalo, N. Y.
Collecting and commercial business will receive prompt attention.
REFERENCES.—A. P. DURBIN, Esq., B. BENJAMIN GRANT, Esq.

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
Forwarding & Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, east of State street.
Coal, Salt, Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale.

J. H. WILLIAMS,
Banker and Exchange Broker. Dealer in Bills of Exchange, Drafts, certificates of Deposite, Gold and silver coin, &c., &c. Office 4 doors below Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.

BENJAMIN F. DENNISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Cleveland, Ohio—Office on Superior street, in Atwater's Block. Refer to Chief Justice Parker, Cambridge Law School; Hon. Richard Fletcher, 10 State st., Boston; Hon. Samuel H. Perkins, 141½ Walnut st., Philadelphia; Richard H. Kimball, Esq., 59 Wall street, New York. For testimonials, refer to this office.

GALBRAITHS & LANE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW—Office on Sixth street, west side of the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW—Office over C. B. Wright's Store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie.

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1, Fleming Block, State street, Erie.

C. M. TIBBALS,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No. 111, Cheapside, Erie.

HENRY CADWELL,
DEALER in Hardware, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., north side of the Diamond, and one door east of the Eagle Hotel, Erie.

A. H. HITCHCOCK,
DEALER in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, State street, three doors north of the Diamond, Erie.

SMITH JACKSON,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RIBLET,
CABINET MAKER Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie.

KELSO & LOOMIS,
GENERAL Forwarding, Produce and Commison Merchants—Dealers in coarse and fine salt, Coal, Plaster, Shingles, &c. Public dock, west side of the bridge, Erie.
EDWIN J. KELSO, W. W. LOOMIS.

WALKER & COOK,
GENERAL Forwarding, Commission and Produce Merchants; Second Ware-house east of the Public Bridge, Erie.

G. LOOMIS & Co.
DEALERS in Watches, Jewelry, Silver, German Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware Cutlery, Military and Fancy Goods, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie. T. M. AUSTIN

CARTER & BROTHER,
WHOLESALE and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

JOEL JOHNSON,
DEALER in Theological, Miscellaneous, Sunday and Classical School Books, Stationary, &c. No. 1, Perry Block, Erie.

JAMES LYTLE.
FASHIONABLE Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie.

L. WARREN,
SASH, Blind and Door Manufacturer, and dealer in glass, south east corner of 5th and State streets, Erie.

D. S. CLARK,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Stone-ware, &c., &c., No. 5, Bonnell Block, Erie.

O. D. SPAFFORD.
Dealer in Law, Medical, school Miscellaneous Books stationary, Ink, &c. State st., four doors below the Public square.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire set. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to healthy usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifrice so as to leave them of a pelicuid clearness. All work warranted.

MOSES KOCH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Ready Made Clothing, &c., Commercial Buildings, corner of French and Fifth streets, Erie.

S. DICKERSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Office at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

C. B. WRIGHT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glass-ware, Iron Nails Leather, Oils, &c., corner of State street and the public square, opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie

JOHN H. BURTON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

W. P. LATTIMORE, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over the Erie Bank.

ROBERT S. HUNTER.
DEALER in Hats, Caps and Furs of all descriptions. No. 10, Park Row, Erie, Pa.

EXCHANGE OFFICE.
J. H. WILLIAMS, dealer in Foreign and Domestic Bills of exchange, Certificates of deposite, Gold and Silver coin, will buy and sell current and uncurrent money, negotiate time and sight drafts, make collections on all the Eastern cities, and make remittances at the lowest Banking rates.
Money received on Deposite and Eastern drafts constantly on hand at the lowest rates of premium.
No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

MEDICAL WORKS.

JUST received from the publishers, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, a large assortment of Medical Works, which will be sold at the publishers prices; among which will be found:

Bartlett on Fevers,	Budd on Liver,
Boyle's Materia Medica and	Therapeutics,
Churchill's Midwifery,	Churchill on Females,
Ashwell on Females,	Cooper on Hernia,
Condie on Children,	Jones on the Eye,
Dewee's Midwifery,	Dewees on Children,
Dunglesson's new Remedies,	Dunglesson's Practice,
Liston & Mutter's Surgery,	Miller's Principles,
Miller's Practice,	Phillips on Scrofula,
Pront on the Stomach,	Taylor's Med. Jurisprudence,
Wilson on the Skin,	Wilson's Dissector,
Cyclopedia of Medicine,	Williams' respiratory organs,
Yeamn on the Heart, &c., &c.	Slater, Ferrier, &c., &c.

The subscriber is agent for Lea & Blanchard, and will order any Medical, Literary or Miscellaneous works desired, and furnish them them at Publisher's prices. Physicians, students and others are requested to call and examne his catalogue.
Erie, June. 15, 1849. O. FFOSPARD.

ALE.—40 bbls, best Pittsburgh—Geo. W. Smith & Co's. brand—for sale by A. KING.

To Blacksmiths.
THE subscribers will pay in iron suitable for blacksmithing purposes, at the lowest cash price, for any quantity of scrap iron, delivered at our Warehouse, at the opening of navigation.
HAVERSTICK & CO.
Erie, Feby 1, 1849. 6m38

1849.

THROUGH TO BEAVER IN 36 HOURS.
BEAVER AND ERIE DAILY EXPRESS PACKET LINE, TO PITTSBURG, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, ST. LOUIS, &c. &c.
The above Line is composed of first class PACKET BOATS, leaving Erie Daily at 8 o'clock, A. M. Connecting at Beaver with the River packets for PITTSBURG, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, ST. LOUIS, &c., affording altogether the cheapest, easiest and most pleasant route to all places on the Ohio River.
W. C. CLELAND, Agent.
Office at Brown's Hotel, corner of State street and the Public Square, and the Packet Landing.
Erie May 8, 1849. 51

DRS. L. L. and W. W. ADAMS,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
HAVING located themselves in the Borough of Erie, will attend to all calls in their profession.
Office and residence on the South West corner of the Dimond, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. Faulkner.
N. B. Calls from the country attended to promptly.
Erie April 25, 1849.

LEWIS' GOTHIC HALL.

IS now open, with a large and complete assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, clocks Gold lockets, Gold pencils, pens, breast pins, Finger rings, thimbles, Ear-Hoops, Bracelet-clasps, slides, snaps, Fob, Guard and Vest Chains, keys, etc. Gold and Silver Specks, silver spoons, Combs, thimbles, pencils, fruit knives, Chains, &c.—Plated fruit baskets, castors, candle sticks, snuffers & trays, spoons brittania coffee and tea sets; shell, horn & ivory combs; scissors, shears and pocket knives, razors and razor strops, soaps, perfumery, needles, brushes, steel tassels, beads, clasps, and rings: Steel tags and purses ready made; Accordions, music boxes, Violins, and many other artinles too numerous to mention, which will be sold at much less than the usual prices.
N. B. Pedlars furnished on reasonable terms.
☞ All kinds of Watches and Clocks cleaned, repaired and warranted. Also, Accordeons, Music Boxes, Jewelry, &c., repaired at short notice.
For cleaning lever watches, $1 00. Lepine Watches, $0 75
" Common Verge, 50. New main springs, 75 to 1 00
" New Verge, 1 00. Lunette Glass, 25
" Double Flint 18. Common do 12½
" Gold Hands, 25 to 50. New Accordeon Reeds, 25 to 50
All other jobs done in proportion to the above prices, and warranted to give satisfaction or the money refunded, one door East Brown' Engle Hotel. WM. N. LEWIS
Erie, Nov. 13, 1848. 27

1849.

MILLINERY GOODS.
MRS. PRAY takes pleasure in informing her friends and the Public that she has just received her spring supply of Millinery, and Fancy Goods, comprising every variety in her line.—Her Bonnets and Caps are of the most approved styles. Constanton hand every variety of colored and white straws. Bonnets cleaned and repaired on the shortest notice and in the best manner. All orders for work promptly attended to, and a continuance of the patronage of her friends and the public generally is respectfully solicited, at her stand on State Street near the corner of fifth.
Erie, April 21, 1849 1649

Ladies Fashions for 1849.
JUST received, a beautiful assortment of Mantillas, latest Paris styles, comprising superior Black silk Rotonda trimmed, fern green, and purple Chenelette trimmed, Scarlet and blue ditto, Paris trimmed, which are offered at prices *far below* the cost of materials and manufacture, as obtained here.
J. D. CLARK.
Erie, June 2, 1849

NEW GOODS! CHEAP GOODS! GOOD GOODS!
NO. 1, FLEMING BLOCK.
Spring and Summer Supply at the New Jew Store,
I. ROSENZWEIG & Co undismayed by the high sounding "Empire Store," "Wright's Corner," or the "Commercial Exchange," have just returned from the eastern cities, and are now receiving their spring and summer supply of
DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING, &c., which they are enabled to offer to their numerous customers and the public generally, at prices far below those of any former season. These goods have all been selected with the greatest care, and will be found to be one of the largest and most splendid stocks of Spring and Summer Goods ever offered in this city. As many of these Goods have been purchased of the importers per the latest arrivals from Europe, the subscribers are confident that they can offer to their customers the very newest styles of Ladies Dress Goods, comprising English, French, Swiss, Irish and Scotch Goods, together with a full assortment of American manufacture, and cheaper than can be found elsewhere.
LADIES DRESS GOODS.
Rich Chameleon Silks, extremely low; Rich brocade do. beautiful goods; Rich Grenadines, plain and figured: Glace Silk, rich goods; Foulé de Sole, fashionable and late importations. Black Armures, plaid and striped: Broeade Lustres, new styles; Mohair Chameleon, figured, (very cheap) Silk Tissues, all colors; Balzarines, in great variety: Paris dotted Lawns for evening dresses: new style rich Mourning Lawns: Organdie Lawns, a beautiful article: Black Gros de Rhine, all widths and qualities; black bombazines of the most approved makes: Paris printed barreges, extremely low; Paris printed Lawns, in great variety: Crapes and Crapes Lisele, a full assortment of colors and qualities; together with a large supply of Linen and Alpacas, as low as 12½ cents per yard. In addition to the above will be found a beautiful assortment of black Brussels Lace, for trimming dresses, Mantillas and capes. Also, French worked capes, collars and cuffs, latest styles: Victoria Lawns and spotted Robes, very cheap: Swiss muil, Jaconet and Book Muslins; Bonnet Ribbon: Belting Ribbon; Cravats, Scarfs: Artificials: Gloves, Mitts, and Hosiery.
SHAWLS:
Embroidered White Cashmere and Crape Shawls, Plaid and Black Silk Shawls, Black and Colored Mous de Lain Shawls, Satin Plaid Berage Shawls, Prence Cashmere Shawls, and Plain and Embroidered Black and Colored Silk Fringe Thibet Shawls.
PARASOLS! PARASOLS! !
The largest, cheapest and best assortment in the City. Parasols from the lowest to the most splendid, rich and costly article, of the newest styles and colors, can always be found at this Establishment.
DOMESTIC AND STAPLE GOODS.
A Large stock of Calico, from 6 cents to 10 cents per yard: Bleached and unbleached Muslins, from 6 cents upward: Fed Tickings and Checks, a full supply of all qualities and prices. Irish Linens, Table Damask, Russia and Scotch Diapers; Napkins; Table Diapers: Crash and Bowlas; Scotch and Manchester Ginghams: Satinetts; Kentucky Jean, and Blue Drills: all of which will be sold off at prices that cannot fail to please and without fear of competition.
CLOTHING FOR THE MILLION!
Under this head we have now on hand, ready for sale, the *latest, most fashionable and varied assortment of* READY-MADE CLOTHING ever offered in Erie, all of which have been selected under our immediate inspection, THOSE THAT WISH OBTAIN A PREFERENCE—together with one of the choicest selections of Imported fine Black, Blue, Brown, Olive and Drab French, Belgian and English CLOTHS, that has ever been brought to this city. Also, Black and Fancy French Cassimeres: New Style Fancy Vestings and Cravats; Silk Under Shirts and Drawers: Linen Cambric and silk Handkerchiefs, and a fine assortment of Gloves, Hosiery, and Suspenders.
☞ Dont forget the place New Jew Store, No. 1, Fleming Block State Street.
Erie, April 22, 1849. 50

On Hand for Spring Trade.
WE have on hand a large and general assortment of WALL PAPER and Bordering, which was purchasing of the manufacturers expressly for the Spring trade, and which will be sold cheaper than ever.
March 21. GEO. SELDEN & SON.

PLANES.
A GENERAL assortment of Bench and Moulding Tools, together with a general assortment of Joiner's and Carpenter's Tools, for, sale low by G. SELDEN & SON.

SAWS.
HAND Saws, some very superior Buck Mill, X Cut, Wood. Compass, Keyhole and Web Saws, together with a general assortment of Shelf Hardware, for sale cheap as the cheapest.
May 19. G. SELDEN & SON

NEW GOODS AGAIN.
THIS day opened, at the corner opposite Brown's Hotel, an other selection of those Pea Green Chince De Lanes; also, a choice lot of plain changeable, flowered and satin stripe Brest Linens, together with a great variety of Shawls, assorted dress Fringes, plain Paris green De Lanes, Ribbons, Bonnets, Gloves, Ladies Velvet Belts and Collars, all which the Ladies are invited to examine at C. B. WRIGHT'S.

NO YANKEE HUMBUG!
Fairbanks' Genuine Scale Manufactory!!
The subscribers having purchased Fairbanks celebrated genuine scale patents, and employed a workman, Mr. Brooks, who has had a long experience in their manufacture, beg leave to inform the public that they are now prepared to furnish to order an article superior to anything of the kind ever offered in this market.
The subscribers would also caution their friends against purchasing worthless articles purporting to be Fairbanks' scale from irresponsible itinerant yankee pedlers—*we manufacture the genuine article* The following are our prices.

Hay Scales, of 4 Tons draft,	$80
Coal Scales, of 1 ton draft,	40
Platform Scales, 1500 lbs. draft,	35
Do. do. do. with hoisting lever and cet on trucks,	40
Do. do. 1200 lbs. draft,	30
Do. do. do. on trucks, with hoisting lever,	35
Fairbanks' *American* Scale, 1500 lbs.	32
Do. do. do. 1200 lbs.	28
Do. do. do. 1500, on trucks with hoisting lever,	37
Do. do. do. 500 lbs.	16
Flour Packing Scale, 300 lbs.	20
Counter Scales, ½ oz. to 200 lbs., platform,	8
Do ½ oz. to 200 lbs. platform & Scoop,	10
Dale's Counter Scale, brass lever, ½ oz. to 50 lbs. draft,	6

All the above articles are *warranted.* Those wishing to obtain a good and *reliable* Scale are requested to give us a call at No 104 French street, nearly opposite the Farmers Hotel.
G. A. BENNET & CO.
Erie, May 20, 1849. 2

New and Fashionable Spring Goods.
WE are just receiving the largest stock of the most desirable styles and the best quality of FRESH DRY GOODS, ever offered in this market, and as cheap as any other house in these diggins. We have every variety of Dress Goods in Silk, Mohair, Wool, Linen and Cotton fabrics: French English and American Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Jeans, and Fancy Summer Coatings, Vestings, &c., Laynes, Gloves, Hosiery, Parasols, Umbrellas, Bonnets of every variety of spring style, Artificials, Flowers Ribbonds, &c., &c.
Also, a large stock of brown and bleached Sheetings and Shirtings, Drills, Waddings, Wickings, Batting, Cotton Yarn, Carpet Warp, &c.
Crockery and Glassware, Shelf Hardware and Dry Goocerise, at prices which trouble the trade. Our Goods are bought of Manufacturers, Importers, Auctions, Jobbers, Jews, Gentiles, any and every where they can be had, at the lowest prices, under their market value for cash or credit, and will be sold accordingly for Cash or approved short credit.
Comparison invited—competition defied.
We are on hand at No. 6, Cheapside, ready and willing to exhibit goods and prices.
Erie, May 12, 1849. C. M. TIBBALS.

CASH FOR LUMBER.
THE highest market price will be paid for any quantity of White Wood, Black Walnut and Cherry Lumber and Staves, delivered at my store, on the corner opposite Brown's Hotel.
June 9. C. B. WRIGHT.

WHITE LEAD IN OIL.—The subscriber keeps constantly on hand B. A. Fahnestock & Co's warranted pure White Lead, and is prepared to sell it by the quantity at a small advance from Pittsburgh cost, by the single keg, (25 pounds,) at two dollars. This brand is now considered the *best* in market. A supply received nearly every week, and consequently be had at all times Fresh. J. H. BURTON.
Erie, June 2, 1849. 3

LADY'S KID BUSKINS, Ties, Half, and whole Gaiters, Morocco walking shoes, slips, &c., at S. JACKSON'S.
Nov. 4. 25

12,000 Yards of Cloth & Cassimere at the Erie Woolen Factory.
READY to be exchanged for WOOL by the subscribers at their usual rates of exchange. They have a variety of Plaid and Fancy Stripes of the latest Eastern patterns for Pants and Boys Clothes; also, a good variety of all-wool Tweeds, for summer wear. We will also manufacture, the present season, at the following prices in cash, viz: For black, brown, grey and steel-mixed cloth, 31½ cents, per yard; cassimere of same colors, 33 cents; white Flannel 25 cents, and pressed Flannel 28 cts. per yard. MEHAFFEY & BREWSTER.
Erie, June 9, 1849.

LINNEN LUSTRES.—Received this morning, another stock of Linen Lustres, among which are some very desirable styles, that are scarce in market. I have now a large stock and will sell at full 25 per cent less than the usual rates.
Erie, June 2, 1849. J. D. CLARK.

EASTERN NAILS.—The undersigned are now selling a superior Eastern Nail, from 4d to 40d, 8 and 10d Fence and Floor Nails, 5d, 8d and 10d wrought Nails; also, assorted sizes barn door and wagon box Rivets, for sale low, at No 3 Reed House.
Erie, June 2. REED & SANFORD.

For the Removal and Permanent Cure of all NERVOUS DISEASES,
And of those Complaints which are caused by an impaired, weakened or unhealthy condition of the
NERVOUS SYSTEM.
This beautiful and convenient application of the mysterious powers of GALVANISM and MAGNETISM, has been pronounced by distinguished physicians, both in Europe and the United States, to be the *most valuable medicinal discovery of the Age.*
Dr. CHRISTIE'S GALVANIC BELT
and
MAGNETIC FLUID,
is used with the most perfect and certain success in all cases of
GENERAL DEBILITY,
Strengthening the weakened body, giving tone to the various organs, and invigorating the entire system. Also in
FITS, CRAMP, PARALYSIS AND PALSY,
Dyspepsia or Indigestion,
RHEUMATISM, Acute and Chronic, GOUT, EPILEPSY, LUMBAGO, DEAFNESS, NERVOUS TREMORS, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, APOPLEXY, NEURALGIA, PAINS in the SIDE and CHEST,
Liver Complaint,
SPINAL COMPLAINT, and CURVATURE of the SPINE, HIP COMPLAINT, DISEASES of the KIDNEYS, DEFICIENCY OF NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL ENERGY,
and all
Nervous Diseases,
which complaints arise from one simple cause, namely,
A Derangement of the Nervous System.
☞ In NERVOUS COMPLAINTS, Drugs and Medicines *increase the disease,* for they weaken the vital energies of the already prostrated system; while under the strengthening, life-giving, vitalizing influence of Galvanism, as applied by this beautiful and wonderful discovery, the exhausted patient and weakened sufferer is restored to former health, strength, elasticity and vigor.
The great peculiarity and excellence of
Dr. Christie's Galvanic Curatives,
consists, in the fact that they arrest and cure disease by *outward application,* in place of the usual mode of drugging and physicking the patient, till exhausted Nature sinks hopelessly under the infliction.
They strengthen the whole system, equalize the circulation of the blood, promote the secretions, and never do the slightest injury under any circumstances. Since their introduction in the United States, only three years since, more than
60,000 Persons
including all ages, classes and conditions, among which were a large number of ladies, who are peculiarly subject to Nervous Complaints, have been
ENTIRELY AND PERMANENTLY CURED,
when all hope of relief had been given up, and every thing else been tried in vain!
To illustrate the use of the **GALVANIC BELT,** suppose the case of a person afflicted with that bane of civilization, DYSPEPSIA, or any other Chronic or Nervous Disorder. In ordinary cases, stimulants are taken, which, by their action on the nerves and muscles of the stomach, afford *temporary* relief, but weaken the patient in the end, and, with injured faculties; after the action thus excited has ceased. Now compare this with the effect resulting from the application of the GALVANIC BELT. Take a Dyspeptic sufferer, even in the worst symptoms of an attack, and simply tie the Belt around the body, using the Magnetic Fluid as directed. In a short period the insensible perspiration will act on the positive element of the Belt, thereby causing a Galvanic circulation which will pass on to the negative, and thence back again to the positive, thus keeping up a continuous Galvanic circulation throughout the system. Thus the most severe cases of DYSPEPSIA are PERMANENTLY CURED. A FEW DAYS IS OFTEN AMPLY SUFFICIENT TO ERADICATE THE DISEASE OF YEARS
Certificates and Testimonials
From the most Respectable Sources,
Could be given, sufficient to fill every column in this paper We make a few selections.
RHEUMATISM AND DYSPEPSIA.
Seven Cases Cured!!!
In one Village.
CHRISTIE'S GALVANIC BELT will cure every case, no matter how severe or chronic. Skeptics are referred to the following.
A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.
No. 1.
The following letter is from Mr. Alonzo D. Felter, of Kingston, N. Y, a gentleman of high respectability and influence.
KINGSTON, Ulster Co., N. Y., Jan. 24, 1848
TO DR. A. H. CHRISTIE—
About the first of November last I called at your office and purchased one of your Galvanic Bolts, and I am happy to say that it has made a new man of me. For years I have been troubled with RHEUMATISM, very severe, and a *general weakness of the whole system,* and *very nervous,* with pain in the head, so severe that I would have to take to my bed three or four times a day. My friends are satisfied at the perfect and wonderful cure it wrought on me. I never was better in my life than now, and I know that this is altogether owing to your GALVANIC BELT, for I had had the best physicians, and had tried every thing previous to using it, without effect.
* * * * * * *
Very respectfully, ALONZO D. FELTER.
☞ In consequence of the benefits experienced by himself, Mr. FELTER procured a number of the GALVANIC BELTS, and having disposed of them among his friends, thus writes:
No. 2.
KINGSTON, May 6, 1849.
MY DEAR DOCTOR,
You ask me to give you an account of the success of your GALVANIC BELTS in this region. I can truly say that they continue to do wonders; hundreds wear them, and *I do not know of a solitary case of failure in their use* I sold a Belt and the Magnetic Fluid to a lady here some weeks since. She had a complication of nervous disorders, and was very low. Dr. Nelson attended her, but did her no good; and the Doctor blew out considerably when she got the belt, and ridiculed it; *but the lady used the Belt and was cured.* Now this Doctor had the Dyspepsia for a great while, and could not cure himself, but gets this lady's Belt, wishes it kept a secret, puts it on himself, and it did him so much good, that yesterday he called on me and got one for his wife.
No. 3.
Miss VANDEMARK, of this town, lay all winter with the Rheumatism. She got to be perfectly helpless. Every one who saw her said she could not live. She sent for a GALVANIC BELT—put it on—used the Fluid freely, and in EIGHT DAYS SHE WAS OUT SETTING, AND IS TO BE MARRIED NEXT WEEK! The Doctor who attended Miss V., hooted at the Belt; but now says there is certainly a remarkable curative power in your Belts.
No. 4.
Mr. John Eman, merchant of this place, was reduced to a mere skeleton, by Dyspepsia and general chronic disease; he got a Belt and the Fluid, and *is now as healthy a man as we have got in Kingston.* He has spent large sums of money in various nostrums previously, but they all proved useless.
No 5.
An old gentleman by the name of Newkirk, *had the Dyspepsia for thirty years.* He tells me that he could not eat any thing without its rising on his stomach; he was very much emaciated and looked miserable; but he purchased a Belt from me, and after wearing it 3 or 4 weeks, he drove up to the door and said he had come to thank me for selling him CHRISTIE'S BELT, as it had made a well man of him. He says that he now eats and digests perfectly, and that he is as hearty as any of his neighbors. He is about 60 years of age.
No. 6
Mr. Wood, of Marbletown, was drawn up with Croup and Rheumatism, so that he could not move. His brother got a Belt for him, and in one week he was so well that he was about attending to his business. He *says it is the greatest thing on earth.*
No. 7.
The wife of Mr. Joseph King, of Kingston, has been complaining of lassitude and general weakness for several years, and also troubled with indigestion. She got the Belt and Fluid, and Mr. King told me this day, that his wife was like another woman, it had done her so much good. I could give you a great many more cases, equally successful, but I suppose these will be sufficient. I may say that I never was engaged in any business that has been so fortunate and satisfactory to all concerned.
Very truly yours, ALONZO D. FELTER.
To A. H. CHRISTIE, M. D., New-York.
☞ Many hundred Certificates from all parts of the country of equally extraordinary character could be given.
☞ No trouble or inconvenience attends the use of *DR. CHRISTIE'S GALVANIC ARTICLES,* and they may be worn by the most feeble and delicate with perfect ease and safety. In many cases the sensation attending their use is *highly pleasant and agreeable.* They can be sent to any part of the country.
Prices:

The Galvanic Belt,	Three Dollars.
The Galvanic Necklace,	Two Dollars.
The Galvanic Bracelets,	One Dollar Each.
The Magnetic Fluid,	One Dollar.

☞ The articles are accompanied by full and plain directions. Pamphlets with full particulars may be had of the authorized Agent.
PARTICULAR CAUTION.
☞ *Beware of Counterfeits and Worthless Imitations*
D. C. MOREHEAD, M. D.,
GENERAL AGENT FOR THE UNITED STATES,
183 Broadway, New York.
For sale in Erie, only by the authorized agents
CARTER & BROTHER, No. 6, Reed House.
Erie, Dec. 16, 1848. 1y31

CULTIVATOR TEETH.—We have purchased the right of selling a few of Roger's Patent Steel Cultivator Teeth.
REED & SANFORD.
June 16. No 3 Reed Hous.

FLINT GLASS.—Tumblers, Decanters, Jelly Dishes, Specie Jars, Preserve Dishes, Glass Plates, and a general variety.
June 2. A. KING.

PRODUCE taken in Exchange for Goods.
[Erie, June 2, 1849.] S. JACKSON.

GINGHAMS & Summer dress goods of the latest styles for sale cheap by [Erie, June 2, 1849.] S. JACKSON.

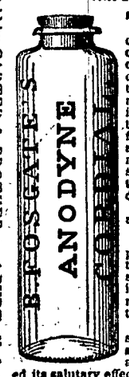
I WILL receive Pittsburgh and Allegheny Scrips at par, in payment of back accounts, and for Goods, until further notice.
Erie, May 12, 1849. S. SMITH.

Sold by CARTER & BROTHER, and BURTON & PERKINS, Erie, Pa.

Also by one Druggist or Merchant in all the country villages.

IMPORTANT.

B. FOSGATE'S ANODYNE CORDIAL,
A safe and effectual remedy for the
SUMMER COMPLAINTS,
Viz.: Diarrhœa and Cholera Morbus—also, Flatulent and Spasmodic Colics.



THIS invaluable Medicine for the above complaints, surpasses any other remedy now in use. Hundreds of cases have come to the knowledge of the proprietor, where a speedy cure has been effected by the use of the Cordial, after a resort to the common remedies had proved unavailing. It has been extensively used throughout this State and elsewhere for many years—has been approved, and is used in practice by a great number of the most respectable physicians, as may be seen by their certificates and recommendations accompanying each bottle.
This medicine is discovered to be a certain and effectual remedy for the
INTESTINE DISEASES
produced by the drinking of the waters of the rivers in the southern and southwestern states, which renders it of inestimable value to those who reside or travel in those sections of the country.
Certificates.—We, the undersigned, have for several years past sold B. Fosgate's Anodyne Cordial, and during this period have witnessed its salutary effects in curing the diseases for which it is recommended, viz. Acute and Chronic Diarrhœa and Cholera Morbus, in our own, or in the families of our customers, and have also seen its successful administration in cases of Cholera Infantum. We do therefore confidently recommend it to all those who may be afflicted with those distressing and dangerous complaints, as offering one of the best means for their cure or relief.
A. I. Matthews, Hollister & Co., A. Reynolds, Buffalo; L. B. Swan, Post & Willis, Rochester; Foster & Dickinson, J. E. Warner & Co., Wm. Bristol, Utica; Fitch, Hovey & Dillaye, Syracuse; Joseph Osborn, Seneca Falls; Luther Kelly & Co., Platt & Simpson, Geneva; L. C. Cheney & Co., Chipman & Remington, Canandaigua; C. Remington, Nunda; E. H. Huntington, J. H. Lapham, Penn Yan; Tracy Beadle, Elmira; W. Seaver & Son, Batavia; John J. Foot, Hamilton; Bissell & Leonard, Rome; H. & E. Gaylord, Cleveland; John Owen & Co, Detroit; T. M. Hunt, Auburn.
C. N. TUTTLE, Auburn, N. Y., GENERAL AGENT for the United States.

NEW CONCERN,—WOOL, WOOL.
MILLCREEK WOOLEN FACTORY.
THE subscriber, proprietor of the above named establishment, would inform his friends and the public in general, that he has had all of his Machinery thoroughly repaired, and having employed experienced workmen in all the different branches of the business, he is now prepared to Manufacture Wool with neatness and dispatch, into the following articles namely—Plain Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Flannels, Shawls, Blankets, &c. He is also prepared to make
WATER PROOF CLOTH,
which is far superior to Oil Cloth for Over Coats.
☞ Custom Carding, Cloth Dressing and Spinning done on short notice. All kinds of the Country Produce taken for work, and a liberal discount made for cash. Friends and the public generally are invited to give him a call, and he assures them that all the improvements that he has made are onward. Being determined to keep up with the improvements of the age, he hopes to be sustained in his efforts.
Formerly George Hill's Factory.
Millcreek, May 6—6m 51

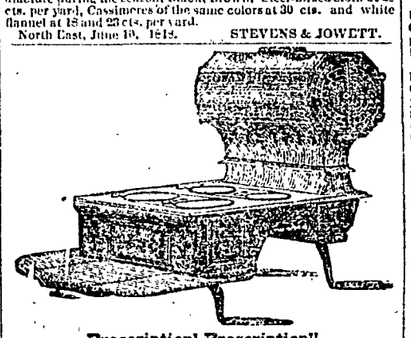
Fresh Family Groceries, Wholesale and Retail
A. KING respectfully begs leave to return his sincere thanks to his numerous friends and customers for their liberal patronage, and to state that he has just received from New York and Pittsburgh a large quantity and variety of Fresh Groceries, selected with care, consisting of

Teas	Candles	Pitch	Forks
Coffee	Tobacco	Tar	Scythes
Fruits	Oils	Rosin	Snaths
Spices	Pickles	Rakes	Hoes
Nuts	Mackerel	Rakes	Rope
Molasses	Codfish	Spades	Bagging
Sugars	Mats	Shovels	Hoes, &c..

And a large, full and complete assortment of every thing in the Grocery line, to which he invites the attention of those wishing to purchase, as these Groceries were bought low and will be sold very low for Cash or ready pay, but positively no trust:—Remember King's, No. 2 Fleming Block.
Erie, June 2, 1849.

Scythes and Hoes at Wholesale.
THE subscriber, successor to A. Miller, as Agent for the Winsted Manufacturing Company, has on hand a large supply of Genus and Cradle Scythes; also, Hustle's superior Cast Steel Hoes, which he offers to Merchants and any that may wish to purchase by the dozen, as low as they can be obtained at the manufactory, adding transportation, and will forward them to rest on sile orders all out the country. Apply to the subscriber or to Mr. Alfred Wm. Erie, Pa. HARMAN MILLER.
Erie, June 2, 1849. 2m3

North East Woolen Factory.
7000 YARDS of Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Satinetts, Blankets, Flannels, are now ready to be exchanged for wool at the following rates: For plain full cloth, one yard for 2¼ lbs. of wool; Cassimeres 2 lbs., to the yard. We will also manufacture during the season, Black, Brown, Steel-mixed cloth at 28 cts. per yard, Cassimeres of the same colors at 30 cts. and white flannel at 18 and 22 cts. per yard.
North East, June 16, 1848. STEVENS & JOWETT.



**Proscription